

A color photograph of Tom Seaver, a baseball player for the Atlanta Braves. He is wearing a white jersey with "Braves" in blue script with red outlines, and a blue cap. He is smiling and looking upwards, holding a baseball in his right hand. The background is a blurred stadium scene with spectators.

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 15, 1974 60 CENTS

715

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with lowered tar
but lots of taste.

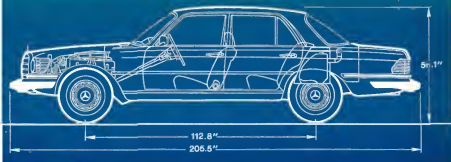
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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A smaller, more efficient engine, reasonable weight and a low drag shape. The reasons why a Mercedes-Benz 450SE gets up to 25% better mileage than domestic luxury sedans.

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Mercedes-Benz

Two of the best energy and money saving ideas of 1974.



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But there's hope. The illustration below shows how Acushnet designed a club that forgives your less than perfect swing. It's the Titleist iron—the club that revolutionized golf club design.

Now you can miss the sweet spot.

Note, in the small photo below, how two heavy tungsten inserts have been precisely positioned away from the sweet spot. The large photo shows how

greatly this increases the effective hitting area. Even if you miss-hit a shot low on the heel or high towards the toe (the kind of shots that formerly inspired some of the most colorful language on the fairways), you now will get a full 80% of the distance and accuracy that you would get from a perfect hit.

Titleist beats all other heel and toe clubs.

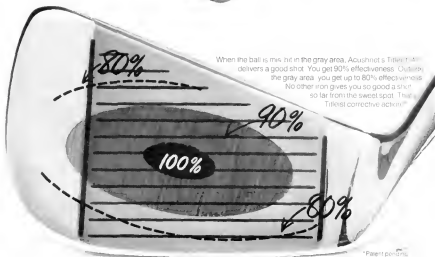
Recently Acushnet's Titleist irons were tested against four competitors: PGA (Ryder Cup II), Wilson 1200, Lynx, and Spalding Top-Flite. All these clubs claim

heel and toe performance. But when #3 irons were tested with the mechanical golfer, Titleist out-performed them by far. When the ball was hit a full inch off the centroid (sweet spot), the Titleist iron sent the ball a full six yards farther than the nearest competitor. Twelve yards farther than the worst of the competitors. That could be the difference between the middle of the pond and the fringe of the green.

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[®]Patent pending.

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Next week

WHAT HAS EIGHT ARMS and is all green? Answer the four Masters jackets Jack Nicklaus has won. Don Jenkins covers the bulk at Augusta where Nicklaus goes for blazer No. 5.

IN SEARCH of serenity, Meredith seeks to shed his Monday-night "Dandy Don" identity in a different telecasting role. Edwin Sbrake reviews the ex-quarterback's options.

FRANCIS SARGENT—fisherman, hunter, conservationist and all-round maverick—finds his state of Massachusetts to a T. Robert H. Boyle sums up why the governor succeeds.



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Saturday April 20, Sunday April 21 on ABC-TV
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“Gee, I wish I’d known that.”

Did you know that the energy crisis can lower your auto insurance costs?

Did you know that you may be paying for collision insurance you don’t need?

Did you know that wearing seat belts can double your medical coverage without raising your premiums?

Did you know that some insurance policies offer coverage that will help pay for a rented car if your car is laid up from an accident?

Did you know it usually costs less for insurance if your teen-ager completes a driver-education course?

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THE TRAVELERS
Maybe we can help.

The Travelers once again brings you The Masters. Watch it on CBS, April 13 & 14.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

SEEKING THE HIDE

Henry Aaron not only restored public faith in the integrity of baseball for a fleeting moment when he cloaked No. 714 on Opening Day in Cincinnati. It also appeared that he had launched brilliantly the era of the cow. Then the truth was out. The ball Henry hit and later got back in a brown paper bag was made of old-fashioned horsehide. "We use nothing but horsehide balls," said Jack Billingham, victim of Aaron's homer. "I understand the Reds have enough horsehide balls on hand for the season."

If they do, they are unique, according to officials of Spalding, the company that claims to have manufactured every ball ever used in a major league game. Spalding has not shipped out a box of horsehides since last September, when it switched to cowhide, and Cincinnati might well consider holding on to its treasure for profitable resale as antiques. The bovine ball—pardon that—is in for a long stay.

Spalding began thinking of the cow as a substitute five years ago, when it became apparent that despite the recent proliferation of pleasure horses, big, tough workhorses, source of the best hides, were becoming scarce. Only 16,000 hides were imported last year, against 142,000 in 1960. Cowhide was selected as the alternative because plenty of it was around and its basic characteristics as they pertain to a baseball—that is, tensile strength, elongation, friction coefficient, appearance and feel—were comparable to the horse's. Sort of.

Tests by researchers revealed weaknesses in cowhide, thus the long period for development. Thirteen new tanning processes were tried before one was found that produced the flexibility of horsehide. It took the analysis of 2,000 specimens to show that while thick horsehides are stronger than thin, the reverse is true of cowhide. And there were problems with wetness. When a cover is sewed on the ball it has to have the correct amount of moisture in it, else the seams

will bulge and the leather is apt to tear.

Field tests of the new ball last September in New York and Pittsburgh and this winter in Puerto Rico were pronounced a success by Spalding, so how could it be this spring that some balls raveled after one smack, others became lopsided and still others ripped along the seams in the hands of pitchers and umpires? Embattled Spalding zeros in on a new adhesive it gave its workers in Haiti, who stick and stitch the hides to cores made in Chicopee, Mass. The Haitians are now adept in the use of the stickum, and Spalding is replacing the balls delivered to major league teams this spring. If there are more problems, Spalding says it will solve them. And a word of advice to Cincinnati. Mark those horsehides if you value them. Soon it will be impossible to tell the difference between the new and old balls.

POBERS

The trouble with trivia, it began to dawn on Seattle Columnist Rod Belcher, was that the best material was becoming too familiar. When an anguished fellow procried out one night, "All the good ones are gone!" Belcher knew the time had come to act. He promptly twisted the game around into what he calls Trivia Transposed. As in that unnerving TV quiz show, Belcher is now giving the answer first and then asking the question. For example, he announces, "The answer is Ernie Nevers." You say, if you are any sort of trivialist, "Who was the first NFL player ever to score six touchdowns in one game?" If you are better than that you ask, "What athlete pitched for the St. Louis Browns in 1926 and 1927 and was the player-coach of the NFL's Duluth Eskimos those same years?" But if you are a genius, as Belcher is, you ask, "What member of both the College and Pro Football Halls of Fame served up two home-run balls to Babe Ruth during the 1927 season when the Bambino hit 60?"

For practice we give you another one.

The answer is "Ranger, Pacer, Corsair and Citation." The question? "What were the Edsel's four model names?"

And now that you have the picture, your final examination. The answers:

- 1) Willis Reed, Phil Jackson, Dick Barnett, Don May, Mike Riordan, Bunch Kosmes.
- 2) Klaus Beer of East Germany.
- 3) Tom Zachary.
- 4) Claude Thornhill.
- 5) Ralph Terry.
- 6) Terry Baker.
- 7) Benny Lorn.

All you have to do is provide the questions. Good luck.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

Insect lovers itching for recognition need look no farther than Pennsylvania, where the great firefly debate has ended at last in victory for the people, presuming that Governor Milton J. Shapp goes along



with thousands of children and the state legislature.

It all began when Mrs. Dorothy B. Holzwarth's third-grade class of 26 at Highland Park School in Upper Darby decided it was time to make the firefly the state's insect. Doesn't every state have a favorite insect? Pretty soon politicians, scratching around for an issue, were singing the praises of the little glowers in the House, egged on by more than 5,000 pieces of mail from schoolchildren. Representative Frank J. Lynch said that "Passage of the bill will show young people that their legitimate wishes can be

continued

**HONDA PRESENTS THE 1974
EPA TEST RESULTS.
FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.**

What you're looking at are the results of a gas mileage test performed on 1974 cars by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

The test simulated an average trip under city driving conditions.

If you're in the market for a new car, we suggest you make use of these results as follows.

1. Go down the list until you find the car you're considering.

2. Compare its mileage to the car at the top of the list.

3. Then decide.

This list is being published by the makers of the car at the top of the list. Partly as a public service.

[illegible]

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The Honda Civic. More miles per gallon than anybody.

enacted into law. I'm not pretending it's the most momentous piece of legislation we'll vote on, but it's important."

The bill passed 156-22 and awaits the governor's signature, but Representative John B. McCue is not so sure it won't shed some unwanted light on the legislature. He said, "People in my district are asking me, 'Don't you fellows have anything to do besides pass firefly legislation?'"

ANOTHER WAY TO LOSE

Some students of animal nature regard horses as dumb, almost as dumb as horseplayers. New York City's Off-Track Betting Corp. reports that \$4,412,000 worth of winning tickets went uncashed last year and that halfway through this fiscal year form was holding with \$2,200,000 uncashed. Officials explain that unsophisticated bettors with place or show tickets fail to collect when their horses finish first. Others in a fine frenzy tear tickets into little bits after a close finish, unaware that the race might not be official. Occasionally excitable horseplayers—and most of them are—have heart attacks before they can collect. What a way to go. Unclaimed money reverts to the state, a taxing fate if ever there was one.

CLOSED SEASON

Ah, spring, the time for the snails of Burgundy to rise from their winter sleep and get munching. Time, too, for the French vineyard owners to tack up their signs proclaiming, *La chasse à l'escargot est défendue avant le premier septembre*—snail hunting forbidden before Sept. 1. As famous in some venues as the wine, Burgundian snails dine out all summer putting on weight and then, zut! they are dined upon. Must be a moral there.

CAESAR'S WIFE

Humorist-playwright George S. Kaufman's celebrated remark—"May I have the bidding repeated, please—with all the original inflections?"—may make about as much sense to future generations as "the bee's knees" does to this one if some reformers in international bridge circles have their way. They aren't saying that cheating has been detected at the major tournaments recently, but they feel strongly that with the rich rewards available today for topflight competitors, it might be a good idea to protect

the game from the slightest suspicion.

Last month at the Vanderbilt Cup event in Vancouver, British Columbia, their proposal to conceal partners from each other and have the bids called off by a neutral person got a tryout. Diagonal screens were placed across the tables, the players pointed to their bids, and two were read off at the same time so succeeding bidders could not tell which of the two took longer making up his mind. After the opening lead the screens were removed and play began. This tended to slow up the game, but for the most part the players favored the idea.

World bridge authorities, who maintain in the face of some sticky situations that cheating does not go on, are loath to discuss the subject, and officials at Vancouver refused to permit photographers to snap the panels in action. Yet the reforms will be on the agenda when the World Bridge Federation meets May 4-7 at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, and there is a chance they will be put into effect at the World Championships in Venice May 20-30. Jaime Ortiz-Putino of Geneva, a federation official and one of the world's top players, says, "At this level of bridge there is no reason why one should be in any way in contact with his partner. In Utopia each player should be separated from the other and play his own cards."

Still, most players would restrict use of the reforms to world championships. They believe personal confrontation, psychology and reprieve are essential elements of the game. And sometimes a loud voice.

RELIEF

Just couldn't put you through a week of torment of not knowing, so here, if you haven't already guessed, are Bekker's questions to his answers. We print them as a public service:

- 1) Who were the six left-handers on the New York Knicks during part of the 1968-69 season?
- 2) Who finished second behind Bob Beamon in the 1968 Olympics when he set the world long-jump record of 29'2½"?
- 3) Who served up the pitch Babe Ruth hit for his 60th homer in 1927?
- 4) What was the name shared by a popular bandleader of the '40s and a Stanford football coach of the '30s?
- 5) What New York Yankee pitcher lost the seventh game of the 1960 World

Series and won the seventh game of the 1962 World Series?

6) Who was the only left-hander among the 10 T-formation quarterbacks to win the Heisman Trophy?

7) Who tackled Roy Riegels short of the goal line on his wrong-way run in the 1929 Rose Bowl game?

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

While memories of the late, unlamented gas shortages are still hot, herewith one of the best of the many stories:

Roman Gabriel, the Philadelphia Eagle quarterback, flew in from the West Coast, picked up a car and headed for Allentown, blissfully unaware of the new rationing program in Pennsylvania. Eventually, he stopped for gas and the following conversation ensued:

"Fill it up, please."

"Are you odd?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Are you odd or even?"

(Desperately) "I'm No. 5."

The attendant must have been a football fan. Gabriel got the gas.

THEY SAID IT

• Fred Taylor, Ohio State basketball coach, asked why it was he could penetrate to maddening and stand for a full minute and not get a technical foul while Indiana Coach Bobby Knight got two for last sighing: "Bobby sighs a little more profanely than I do."

• Cotton Fitzsimmons, coach of the Atlanta Hawks, on his use of rookies: "I want until I see a rookie doing a shaving commercial on TV, then I figure he might be ready to play."

• Alex Karras, ex-Iowa and Detroit Lion tackle and now a TV personality: "I never graduated from Iowa, but I was only there for two terms—Truman's and Eisenhower's."

• Jim Katcavage, new Philadelphia Eagle scout who had commenced 18 years to New York as a player and scout for the Giants: "My relatives don't have to root for the Eagles behind my back any more."

• Kyle Rote Sr., after his son won the Superstars contest: "It's not easy to follow in the footsteps of a famous son."

• Earl Williams, Baltimore Oriole catcher, on his troubles with the press and fans last season: "There was an overmagnification of the circumstances, and the communications media created issues. But I'm not blaming anybody." **END**

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END OF THE GLORIOUS ORDEAL

Henry Aaron gracefully endured the pressure of the chase, and then stopped it with one lash of his bat

by **RON FIMRITE**

Henry Aaron's ordeal ended at 9:07 p.m. Monday.

It ended in a carnival atmosphere that would have been more congenial to the man he surpassed as baseball's alltime home-run champion. But it ended. And for that, as Aaron advised the 53,775 Atlanta fans who came to enshrine him in the game's pantheon, "Thank God."

Aaron's 715th home run came in the fourth inning of the Braves' home opener with Los Angeles, off the Dodgers' Al Downing, a lefthander who had insisted doggedly before the game that for him this night would be "no different from any other." He was wrong, for now he joins a company of victims that includes Tom Zachary (Babe Ruth's 60th home run in 1927), Tracy Stallard (Roger Maris' 61st in 1961), and Guy Bush (Ruth's 714th in 1935). They are destined to ride in tandem through history with their assailants.

continued





Downing's momentous mistake was a high fastball into Aaron's considerable strike zone. Aaron's whip of a bat lashed out at it and snapped it in a high arc toward the 385-foot sign in left center field. Dodger Centerfielder Jimmy Wynn and Leftfielder Bill Buckner gave futile chase, Buckner going all the way to the six-foot fence for it. But the ball dropped over the fence in the midst of a clutch of Braves' relief pitchers who scrambled out of the bullpen in pursuit. Buckner started to go over the fence after the ball himself, but gave up after he realized he was outnumbered. It was finally retrieved by reliever Tom House, who even as Aaron triumphantly rounded the bases ran hysterically toward home plate holding the ball aloft. It was, after all, one more ball than Babe Ruth ever hit over a fence, and House is a man with a sense of history.

House arrived in time to join a riotous spectacle at the plate. Aaron, his normally placid features exploding in a smile, was hoisted by his teammates as Downing and the Dodger infielders moved politely to one side. Aaron shook hands with his father Herbert, and embraced his mother Estella. He graciously accepted encomiums from his boss, Braves Board Chairman Bill Bartholomay, and Monte Irvin, representing Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who was unaccountably in Cleveland this eventful night. Kuhn is no favorite of Atlanta fans and when his name was mentioned by Irvin, the largest crowd ever to see a baseball game in Atlanta booted lustily.

"I just thank God it's all over," said Aaron, giving credit where it is not entirely due.

No, this was Henry Aaron's evening, and if the Braves' management overdid it a bit with the balloons, the fireworks, the speeches and all-round hoopla, who is to quibble? There have not been many big baseball nights in this football-oriented community and those few have been supplied by Aaron.

Before the game the great man did look a trifle uncomfortable while being escorted through lines of majorettes as balloons rose in the air above him. There were signs everywhere—MOVE OVER BABE—and the electronic scoreboard blinked HANK. Much of center field was occupied by a massive map of the United States painted on the grass as an

American flag. This map-flag was the site of a pregame "This Is Your Life" show, featuring Aaron's relatives, friends and employers. Sammy Davis Jr. was there, and Pearl Bailey, singing the national anthem in Broadway soul, and Atlanta's black mayor, Maynard Jackson, and Governor Jimmy Carter, and the Jonesboro High School band, and the Morris Brown College choir, and Chief Noc-A-Home, the Braves' mascot, who danced with a fiery hoop.

This is not the sort of party one gives for Henry Aaron, who through the long weeks of on-field pressure and mass media harassment had expressed no more agitation than a man brushing aside a housefly. Aaron had labored for most of his 21-year career in shadows cast by more flamboyant superstars, and if he was enjoying his newfound celebrity, he gave no hint of it. He seemed to be nothing more than a man trying to do his job

Next Week: George Plimpton, who has spent parts of the last eight months with Aaron, writes the story of his quest and its fulfillment.

and live a normal life in the presence of incessant chaos.

Before this most important game of his career he joked at the batting cage with teammate Dusty Baker, a frequent foil, while hordes of newsmen scrambled around him, hanging on every banality. When a young red-haired boy impudently shouted, "Hey, Hank Aaron, come here, I want you to sign this," Aaron looked incredulous, then laughed easily. The poor youngster was very nearly mobbed by sycophants for approaching the dignitary so cavalierly.

Downing, too, seemed unaware that he was soon to be a party to history. "I will pitch to Aaron no differently tonight," said he, as the band massed in right field. "I'll mix my pitches up, move the locations. If I make a mistake, it's no disgrace. I don't think the pitcher should take the glory for No. 715. He won't deserve any accolades. I think people will remember the pitcher who throws the last one he ever hits, not the 715th."

Downing's "mistake" was made with nobody out in the fourth inning and with

Darrell Evans, the man preceding Aaron in the Braves' batting order, on first base following an error by Dodger Shortstop Bill Russell. Downing had walked Aaron leading off the second inning to the accompaniment of continuous booing by the multitudes. Aaron then scored on a Dodger error, the run breaking Willie Mays' all-time National League record for runs scored (after the home run, Aaron had 2,064).

This time, with a man on base, Downing elected to confront him *mano-a-mano*. His first pitch, however, hit the dirt in front of the plate. The next hit the turf beyond the fence in left field.

"It was a fastball down the middle of the upper part of the plate," Downing lamented afterward. "I was trying to get it down to him, but I didn't. He's a great hitter. When he picks his pitch, he's pretty certain that's the pitch he's looking for. Chances are he's gonna hit it pretty good. When he did hit it, I didn't think it was going out because I was watching Wynn and Buckner. But the ball just kept carrying and carrying."

It was Aaron's first swing of the game—and perhaps the most significant in the history of baseball. It was also typical of Aaron's sense of economy. On Opening Day in Cincinnati, against the Reds' Jack Billingham, he tied Ruth with his first swing of the new season. But this event, noteworthy though it may have been, was merely a prelude, and Aaron recognized it as such.

"Seven-fourteen only ties the record," he advised well-wishers at the time. And in yet another ceremony at home plate, he reminded everyone, "It's almost over."

Aaron's innate dignity had been jarred in that opening three-game series by the seemingly irresolvable haggling between his employers Bartholomay and Manager Eddie Mathews, and Commissioner Kuhn. Bartholomay and Mathews had hoped to keep Aaron out of the lineup for the entire series so that he might entertain the home fans with his immortal swats. When Kuhn suggested forcefully that it was the obligation of every team to put its best lineup on the field at all times and that any violation of this obligation would be regarded by him as sinful, Mathews and Bartholomay relented—but only partially. After Aaron tied

the Babe, Mathews announced that he would bench him for the remaining games of the Reds' series, saving him for the adoring home folks.

This brought an iron rebuke from the commissioner: Aaron would play or Mathews and the Braves must face "serious consequences." This message was delivered after the Saturday game, in which Aaron did not play. Aaron was in the lineup for 6½ innings on Sunday, striking out twice and grounding weakly to third in three at bats. The stage—and a stage it seemed—was set for Monday night.

It rained in Atlanta during the day, violently on occasion, but it was warm and cloudy by game time. It began raining again just before Aaron's first inconsequential time at bat, as if Ruth's phantom were up there puncturing the drifting clouds. Brightly colored umbrellas sprouted throughout the ball park, a brilliant display that seemed to be merely part of the show. The rain had subsided by Aaron's next time up, the air filled now only with tension. Henry wasted little time relieving that tension. It is his way. Throughout his long career Aaron had been faulted for lacking a sense of drama, for failing to rise to critical occasions, as Mays, say, or Ted Williams had. He quietly endured such spurious criticism, then in two memorable games dispelled it for all time. And yet, after it was over, he was Henry Aaron again.

"Right now," he said without a trace of irony, "it feels like just another home run. I felt all along if I got a strike I could hit it out. I just wanted to touch all the bases on this one."

He smiled slightly, conscious perhaps that his words were not sufficient to the occasion. Then he said what he had been wanting to say since it became apparent that he would eventually pass Ruth and achieve immortality.

"I feel I can relax now. I feel my teammates can relax. I feel I can have a great season."

It is not that he had ever behaved like anyone but Henry Aaron. For this generation of baseball fans and now for generations to come, that will be quite enough.

END

The deed done, Aaron approaches teammates gathered at the plate as Downing looks on.



A CIRCUS WITH ONE TILTED RING

The Knicks were getting much more than they could handle from the Bulls until Monroe spotted an odd-looking hoop in one game and Frazier recaptured his fan club at the redolent Garden in the next **by PETER CARRY**



The ripe old odor of spring was back at Madison Square Garden, which automatically means two things to Garden regulars of even the most ordinary olfactory perception. One is that the circus is in town and all Ringling's animals are cooped up somewhere in the bowels of the building. And second, they know if the lions are downstairs roaring to get out, some big cats named the Bulls must be nearby, raring to get at the Knicks.

New York vs. Capital (nee Baltimore) is an NBA rite of spring, a ceremony that at the outset this year seemed likely to find the Bulls unusually kittenish. But by the end of last week, when five games of the best-of-seven series had been played, the Knicks had found it necessary to scramble like tiger trainers in distress. The Bulls not only had come up with a less aromatic circus of their own at the Capital Centre in Maryland (where the menagerie is in the parking lot), but with some New York-style offense and defense as well. Had it not been for a couple of brilliant, game-saving bursts by Earl Monroe and Walt Frazier, the Knicks might have been caged themselves.

This is the sixth straight year the Bulls and Knicks have met early in the playoffs, but before they started clawing away at each other two weeks ago it appeared that their once close rivalry might not have the same old zing. New York was a decided, even prohibitive, favorite. Then last week, while in the other first-round NBA playoff series the Bucks were polishing off the Lakers 4-1, the Celtics were splitting four games with the surprisingly tenacious Braves and the evenly-matched Pistons and Bulls were dividing their four, it was the Knicks who were in trouble. The defending champions fell behind the Bulls—almost disastrously so—before Monroe and

Rising foul but in the Knicks' hair, Porter goes up between DeBusschere and Givens

Frazier broke out to give them a tenacious 3-2 lead.

It was the memory of last year's meeting between these two teams, which the Bullets figured to have a good shot at winning before the Knicks turned it into a five-game rout, that made the Bullets' chances look none too grand this time around. Both teams remained essentially unchanged from last year. They had split their six regular-season games. And even their major injuries—Wes Unseld's left knee and Willis Reed's right—had a neat symmetry about them. So a scenario was composed: with Reed playing only well enough to be used in spots, New York would be forced to concede plenty of points, reams of rebounds and all the defensive territory south of the 38th parallel to Capital's low-post man, Elvin Hayes. At forward, Knick Bill Bradley and Bullet Mike Riordan would battle to a standoff, while Dave DeBusschere would drive at will around Unseld's enfeebled left flank. In the backcourt, Frazier and Monroe, who blasted the Bullets with an average of 43 points a game last year, would overwhelm the Bullets' young pair of Phil Chenier and Kevin Porter. And since only John Sirica sits on a more impressive bench than Knick Coach Red Holzman, New York would enjoy a clear edge when it came time to rest the regulars.

The script worked out almost perfectly in the opening game. Holzman tried everything but poison darts on Hayes as Elvin scored 40 points, hitting 19 of 29 shots to continue his assault on the NBA playoff record for accuracy. Often an erratic shooter during the regular season—his career percentage is a mediocre .438—Hayes has so far shot better (.53.3%) in 16 lifetime playoff appearances than any man ever has in postseason games. Still, Elvin's outburst could not prevent a methodical 102-91 win by the Knicks. Monroe and Frazier scored 46 points and New York's subs added 22. Astonishingly (and significantly), the Bullet bench contributed zero, none, an absolute goose egg. At that point, one shoutout seemed to presage another: the Knicks, four games to nothing.

But nothing is just what New York got in the next 2½ games as Capital undertook to revise the book. The Bullets began controlling the action so thoroughly that in the final period of the fourth game the Knicks found themselves 10 points behind and only 9:58 from a 3-1 deficit

and almost certainly an early end to their tale defense.

Capital's victories in the second and third games, by 99-87 and 88-79, and its near win in the fourth, which New York rallied to take 101-93 in overtime, came as a result of impressive play at just those positions where the Knicks seemed to have the clear edge. That Unseld, who split the season between playing with pain and trying to get a clear diagnosis of what was wrong with him, turned out to be a match for DeBusschere could be traced directly to a decision he made in February to skip the country. He went to Toronto, where doctors inserted a tube with a light in its tip into his knee. They did not particularly like what they saw, but they told Unseld they might be able to fix him up with off-season surgery. As a temporary measure they rinsed loose bits of bone from under his kneecap with a saline solution. The treatment washed away most of Unseld's aches and anxieties, allowing him to curtail DeBusschere's driving and even to execute a few snappy back-door moves of his own for layups.

And the Bullet guards were conspiring meanwhile to give Monroe and Frazier a lot of unexpected pain. Chenier's contribution was mostly in the form of his precise jumper on offense and repeated blocks of Frazier's jumpers on defense. By the end of the fourth game Chenier had outscored Walt by 23 points. In the second game he held him to just six, and in the third, Frazier left the Garden court to the loudest boos of his career.

Between Monroe's 26-point spurge in the opening game and his 12-point burst that pulled out the fourth, Porter outscored the Pearl as well. In fact, although he is undersized (6'), undermanned and almost unknown, Porter was the most important Bullet in his team's wins. He did most of Capital's ball handling, virtually all its penetration, and on defense so battered Monroe's rear end whenever the Pearl attempted one of his backdown moves, that the Knicks were accusing him of something called "guerrilla defense." In the crucial last halves of the second and third games, Porter held Monroe to two baskets, and before the Pearl began his backdown on the right side of the court in the next game with just over 30 seconds to play, he had been shut out in that half. Fifteen feet from the hoop, Monroe whirled and fired the

jumper that tied the score 87-87. The shot capped an extraordinary 10-point Knick surge in which they had held the Bullets scoreless for almost six minutes of the fourth period. A similar Monroe move forced Porter to foul out on the first play of overtime and the Pearl went on to score 10 more points, most of them from the right of the basket.

"The hoop was tilted a little to the right, so I asked that all the plays be run over there," Monroe said. "It's easier to shoot at a basket that's bent toward you."

"You mean you can see if the basket's tilted a little?" he was asked. "You must have great vision. Have you ever had your eyes checked?"

"Yeah, lotsa times. I had to because I need glasses."

"How could the basket have been tilted? They tested it with a level right before the game."

"I don't know," said Monroe. "Maybe it's me that's tilted."

After the fifth game, the rahid Madison Square Garden fans were almost bent out of shape with renewed admiration for Frazier. The Knicks won it 106-105 as their guards reasserted superiority. Their dominance was so complete that Porter was held scoreless and all three Capital guards were in deep foul trouble by the middle of the third period. Chenier shot accurately, hitting 11 of 16, and the rest of the Bullets again played well but they could not overcome Frazier, who finished with 38 points.

And what a finish. With 6:49 remaining, Chenier committed his fifth personal, and from then on Frazier went to work. While Riordan, Chenier, Unseld and Hayes combined to score 18 points, Walt held them off almost by himself. Of the Knicks' last nine field goals, Frazier scored seven without a miss and assisted on the other two. One of them was a baseline drive right at Hayes that included a masterful bit of midair sleight-of-hand. Frazier drew Elvin's blocking hand to the right side of the basket and then laid the ball backhanded off the glass from the left side. And he hit shots from way outside, several from so far beyond his usual 15-foot range that Capital Coach K.C. Jones admitted he was glad to see Walt take them. One of those was a jumper from 25 feet to the right which sealed the Knick win. It turned their high-wire act with the Bullets into New York's own basketball circus. **END**

PHILLY TAKES A FLYER ON THE CUP

Bernie Parent, the stingiest man in any NHL net, leads those audacious Philadelphia expansionists into a playoff war they think they can win

by MARK MULVOY

For those who have never seen Bernie Parent close up, without his goaltender's hood, he looks like any other French comic: pepper-and-salt hair, thick black mustache, long cigar sticking from his mouth. Watch for him some night in the Philadelphia Flyers' parking lot at the Spectrum. He will be in or near a new brown Imperial with a bumper sticker that reads: ONLY THE LORD SAVES MORE THAN BERNIE PARENT. Bernie has a foggy voice and a quick trigger about his hair.

"After five years of marriage, you'd have gray hair, too."

"But, Bernie, you're only 29."

"That's O.K. I talked to my psychiatrist and he said it's nice to have gray hair in your 20s. Think positive, my friend, and you'll never go wrong."

So far in 1974 A.D. the positive-thinking Parent has not gone wrong very often. Employing the most resilient goal-line defense Philadelphia has seen since Chuck Bednarik performed for the football Eagles, Parent has been the indispensable man in the conversion of the Flyers from mere pugnacious pretenders to what they are this week: legitimate contenders for the Stanley Cup. As Boston's Bobby Orr says, "Nobody dares call the Flyers an expansion team anymore." At the end of the NHL's regular



season Sunday night the Flyers, champions in the West, trailed Orr's Bruins, the East champs, by just one point in the combined league standing, and led such established teams as the Chicago Black Hawks (by seven points), the Montreal Canadiens (by 13) and the New York Rangers (by 18). "We all played the same schedule, too, so there was nothing fluky about our record," said Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke on the eve of his team's opening-round cup series against the Atlanta Flames.

There certainly was nothing fluky about Parent's statistics. He started more games (73) and recorded more victories (46) than any goalie in NHL history, earned 12 shutouts, including last week's 4-0 blanking of the New York Islanders, and completed the season with a 1.89 goals-against average, the best in the league, as he helped the Flyers chop almost 100 goals from their 1972-73 total. "Bernie gave us great confidence," Clarke said. "We never had to worry whether he was on or off. He was on all the time."

In his shutout of the Islanders, Parent was a model of the goalie's craft. He rarely left his feet to block a shot, steered rebounds away from the New York attackers hanging around his crease and in all ways performed as if programmed by a computer. "It may look easy," he said afterward, "but it never is."

Parent is a package of nerves during a game, but he hides his emotions by wearing his mask from the time he leaves the Flyers' dressing room until he returns. "I don't want people to see what I go through," he says. His only obvious nervous trait is a systematic cleaning away of the loose ice chips in front of his net even when there are no loose ice chips.

Born in Montreal, Parent was raised on Bruxelles Street in the suburb of Rosemount. The best thing about the neighborhood for anybody wanting to be a goalie was that Jacques Plante's sister Therese lived next door. Plante, the goaltender extraordinaire of the Canadiens, occasionally dropped by for a meal. "Plante was my idol," Parent says. "He always gave me good tips."



A marvel of balance and controlled movement, Parent is a model of what a goalie should be.

guy when you never see him? The others reject him because he has the big bucks."

Plante and Parent spent long hours in deep goaltending conversation and even longer hours in private technical sessions on the ice. "Jacques did two big things for me," Parent says. "He improved my balance by getting me to keep all my body weight on my right foot, not my left, during a play, and he also taught me how to determine my exact position by banging my stick or my catching glove against the goalposts. I used to have to take my eyes off the play and look around to see where I was, and sometimes I gave up a goal because I wasn't looking at the puck."

But Parent was not really happy in Toronto. His wife Carol was a native of the Philadelphia area, and she never adjusted to life in a strange country. Early in 1972 Parent became the NHL's first official defector to the WHA, signing a five-year contract with the Miami Screaming Eagles for \$600,000, a houseboat and other fringe benefits. When the Eagles failed to scream, Parent's contract was turned over to the Philadelphia Blazers.

He led WHA goaltenders with 33 victories last year, but his goals-against average ballooned to 3.61—practically double his average for this season. "They never played any defense in the WHA," he says with a shrug. On the eve of the WHA playoffs Parent's attorney-agent, Howard Casper, reportedly discovered that his client's escrow account of some \$500,000 was empty. Parent performed in one playoff game but jumped the Blazers when, he says, the club's management was unable to guarantee the \$500,000. When the season was over the Blazers moved to Vancouver and transferred the rights to Parent to the New York Golden Blades. Parent was leery about that team; he and Casper began talking with the Maple Leafs. Early last summer Parent agreed to return to the NHL if the Maple Leafs would trade him to Philadelphia. They did—for Doug Favell.

While Parent was away the Flyers had become a solid hockey club. Clarke, the diabetic rink rat from Flin Flon, had emerged as the league's MVP, MacLeish had scored his 50 goals, the Broad Street Bullies (Hammer Schultz, Hound Kelly and Moose Dupont) had established successful terror tactics, and Fred Shero, the coach, had instituted a no-nonsense ap-

prouch to winning. Parent surveyed the scene and made a decision. "I think I used to be pretty selfish," he says. "It always was tough for me to get friends. So one day last summer I sat down and said, 'Bernie, maybe you ought to give more than you have been.' I had to change myself around a little bit."

Parent changed himself right into the blood and bone of the Flyers. The new Parent is so far from being an outsider that Shero uses him to boost teammates who are feeling down. Parent's current target is Right Wing Bill Flett, who has been in a goal-scoring slump. "Flett has played his best hockey since Bernie started talking to him," says Shero.

Earlier in the season Parent and his backup goaltender, Bob Taylor, had done their bit for harmony by taking the Flyer defensemen out to dinner. "They make it easy for us," Parent says graciously. "In the old days I used to have 13 or 14 tough saves every game. Thanks to those guys, now it's down to four or five." Thanks to Parent's skill in the save trade, the Flyers have big ideas. **END**



Flyer ace Bobby Clarke (left), scuffling with Atlantic's Tom Lysiak, says Philly's no fake.

Like most young French Canadians, Parent dreamed of playing for the Canadiens in the Forum someday, but the Boston Bruins got him and assigned him to their junior amateur hatchery in Niagara Falls. Later he played parts of two seasons with the Bruins, and then the Flyers selected him in the original expansion draft in 1967. With Parent and Doug Favell on duty, the Flyers never worried about their goaltending in the early years. But they began to worry plenty about scoring goals. In an attempt to improve the attack they decided to trade a goaltender. Favell seemed to fit better in the dressing room, so midway through the 1970-71 season Parent was dispatched to Toronto in a three-cornered deal that brought Rick MacLeish, a center who was to score 50 goals in 1972-73.

In Toronto, Parent joined forces with his old idol, Plante, who had become the Maple Leafs' No. 1 goalie. Parent was the master's pupil again. "Lots of guys don't like Plante," Parent says, "but he has been good to me. He's always by himself, you know, and how can you hate a

The World Football League has done what the NFL hasn't done the last couple of years—make the Miami Dolphins vulnerable," Calvin Hill said last week. But the Dallas Cowboy running back who gained more than 1,000 yards in each of the past two seasons won't be sticking around to take advantage of a good team when it's down. Following the example of Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield, who enlisted with the Toronto Northmen of the WFL for all kinds of money, Hill flew to Honolulu last weekend and Sunday afternoon in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel became the latest NFL star to join the new league. "I don't want to seem a money grubber," said Hill, who signed for roughly \$500,000 for three years. "I just want to get paid \$100 for every \$100 worth of effort. There is nothing that saves my ego about playing in the NFL."

Hill's contract with the Honolulu Hawaiians was yet one more in an outbreak of NFL defections to the new league. No sooner had the three Dolphins made the WFL a safe neighborhood in which to play—prompting John Brockington, the Green Bay running back and neologist, to say, "That just bonafides the WFL for me"—than the Birmingham Americans announced the signing of Oakland Quarterback Kenny Stabler, the leading passer in the AFC last season. Detroit Wide Receiver Ron Jessie followed Stabler to Birmingham to give him a target. In Hawaii, Hill was joining All-Pro Tight End Ted Kwalick of San Francisco and Giant Quarterback Randy Johnson.

There was more to come. The WFL was claiming that negotiations were well under way with such NFL stars as Los Angeles Guard Tom Mack and Oakland Quarterback Daryle Lamonic (Southern California Sun), Atlanta Defensive End Claude Humphrey (Birmingham) and Brockington (Chicago Fire). At week's end the NFL counterattacked, Miami coughing up a reported \$650,000 to keep Safety Jake Scott and Tight End Jim Mandich from jumping. As sports attorney and metaphorist Bob Woolf put it, "The war is on and the floodgates are open." He might have added that the switchboards were lighting up. Woolf reported that every NFL club that had a client of his whose contract was up for renewal had called to begin negotiating.

"The fledgling World Football League," as it was known up to the moment Csonka *et al.* took pen in hand, is



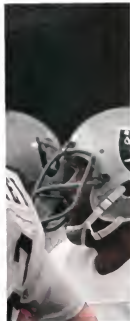
IT'S NO LONGER SUCH A SMALL WORLD

After a feeble start, the World Football League made a big splash by signing NFL stars Hill, Csonka, Warfield and Stabler
by JOE MARSHALL

the latest venture of Gary Davidson, a founder and the first president of both the ABA and the WHA. Until last week's coups it had operated in the NFL's shadow, and business in the WFL's Newport Beach, Calif. office was not exactly booming.

Promising a more exciting brand of football, Davidson hoped to enliven the offense with rule changes that the hide-bound NFL continues to vote down. The most recent of these allows a back to be in motion toward the line of scrimmage before the snap à la Canadian ball. And

there was the inevitable gimmick, a trademark of Davidson's forays into sport. The WFL had tentatively selected a football with more laces to allow easier gripping for the passer and Day-Glo paint for easier viewing by the fans. But the WFL had failed to place even one NFL first- or second-round draft choice under contract. In fact, the NFL had signed 23 of its 26 first-rounders without rebuttal, and even the Canadian Football League was outdoing the WFL by signing two NFL second-rounders. The WFL's amateur approach seemed con-



Oakland's Ken Stabler will be calling signals for the Birmingham Americans come 1976.

Cliff McClain only to be told that he had already been claimed by the New York Stars, the Sun drafter said, "O.K., we'll take O.J. Simpson." The Chicago Fire gave the needle to its NFL rival, the Bears, selecting Quarterback Bobby Douglass as a tight end. About the only big-name veteran who was talking of joining the WFL was Vida Blue of the Oakland Athletics, a high school quarterback.

One WFL team had to fight bureaucrats to keep its nickname. The Jacksonville Sharks were asked by the state's tourism board to change to something less intimidating on the grounds that sharks and tourists don't mix. Coach Bud Asher discovered that other Florida teams were known as Rattlers, Moccasins, Barracudas, Tigers, Lions, Panthers and Gators, and said he'd stick with Sharks.

Ed Keating, the business manager for Csonka, Warfield and Knack, wasn't taking the WFL seriously either early last February when a fellow associate in Mark McCormack's International Management Group asked him in Cleveland's Pat Joyce Tavern to jot down the figure required for the WFL to sign the Miami stars. Keating did some rough calculating on a cocktail napkin and came up with \$2.7 million. The associate later had occasion to talk to John F. Bassett, president of the Northmen, and mentioned the sum. Bassett called Keating and arranged for a meeting at the end of March.

Keating eventually made up four blue envelopes, one for each of the players and one for Bassett. In the players' envelopes

were three enclosures, the first outlining the amount of money each demanded. Csonka had decided on his numbers while judging a Playboy Bunny of the Year contest. The other two enclosures were a nine-page memorandum detailing proposed changes in the standard WFL contract, and a short memorandum listing extras. Each Dolphin, for instance, was to receive a "fully equipped luxury automobile" every year and a three-bedroom luxury apartment. In Bassett's envelope were five enclosures: the three player compensation proposals and the two memos.

Negotiations began on March 30 in the Prime Minister's Suite in Toronto's Sutton Place Hotel. The three players were whisked off to a minority owner's clothing store where they were fitted for tailor-made suits. Keating stayed behind with Bassett, Northmen General Manager Leo Cahill and Chairman of the Board Herb Solway.

The Northmen had come to the meeting with an offer of \$2.5 million for five years. The figures in Bassett's envelope added up to more than \$3 million for three years, or roughly twice as much. By noon virtually no progress had been made, and Keating stopped the negotiations by saying, "It doesn't look like this is going to work out." Solway and Bassett retired to a bedroom for a few minutes. Bassett told Solway he thought the Northmen would lose their prospects if they quibbled. He also said that the signings could make the club and the league. Solway agreed. As they reentered the sitting room Bassett said simply, "O.K. We understand your position. You have a deal."

The total money in the contract amounts to \$3.884 million in *combined*

firming by Boston College Center Steve Corbett, a sixth-round selection of the New York Stars (nee Boston Bulls), who said disgustedly, "I got a letter from the Bulls that started, 'Dear Prospect.'"

Even when the new league held a draft to establish rights to NFL veterans, few took it seriously. After Southern California picked New York Jet Running Back

44er Tight End Ted Kwalick and Cowboy Running Back Calvin Hill are off to Hawaii; Paul Warfield and Larry Csonka are headed north.



U.S. currency and is guaranteed by a letter of credit from a Canadian bank. This sum includes a \$1-million bonus, payable in proportions relative to the three salaries. By comparison, Csonka and Kiick had been earning slightly less than \$60,000 a year with the Dolphins, while Warfield had made about \$70,000. In three years under their Miami contracts they would have got some \$550,000.

Csonka receives the lion's share, probably close to 45%. Should any of the three play out his Toronto option, he will receive no less than he got in his highest salary year. The contract even deals with the players' tax advantages. Since Canadian income tax goes as high as 63%, and the U.S. tax only to 50%, Csonka, Warfield and Kiick will want to stay in Canada fewer than 184 days a year to avoid being Csonked with the Canadian tariff. Their contracts make provision for them to spend time in the States during the season in order to stay under the limit. And Keating expects each of the players to benefit from the contract in the area of endorsements, which is a

tall order for Csonka, who has already made more than \$284,000 in endorsements and personal appearances since the Super Bowl.

Ironically, the three Dolphins signed the agreement beneath a picture of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, whose government opposes the entry of the WFL into Canada and is drafting legislation to keep it out.

Other WFL clubs face uncertain futures because of financial problems. Don Regan, secretary and general counsel of the new league, admits, "If we waited for 12 Lamar Hunts to come along, we wouldn't be ready for the 1985 season. They pop up along the way." Jack Pardee, the former Redskin linebacker and coach of the Washington Ambassadors, expressed the league's attitude by saying, "When the talent shifts, the money shifts."

Houston seems the weakest franchise. Its ownership is unstable and it hasn't settled on a coach although former Giant assistant Jim Garrett is being interviewed. The best-known player under

contract is Quarterback Karl Sweetan, who is better known for an alleged attempt to sell his Los Angeles playbook to New Orleans than for his execution of any of the plays therein.

The Washington franchise appears headed to either Annapolis or Norfolk. The team had hoped to play its games in RFK Stadium, home of the Redskins, but Redskin President Edward Bennett Williams refused to make reasonable exceptions in his exclusive lease. "Why, you couldn't have a PTA meeting in RFK without the Redskins approving it," hollered E. Joseph Wheeler Jr., the Ambassadors' owner. "The people who are really losing, of course, are the taxpayers. This is a public facility that is losing money every year. That stadium isn't even bringing in enough revenue to pay the annual interest of \$831,000. If I'm forced to move out of Washington, it will be because the U.S. Congress won't protect the taxpayers."

Several WFL clubs—including Philadelphia, Houston, Portland and Detroit—lack big-name players. Various

continued

WORLD FOOTBALL LEAGUE

TEAM	PRINCIPAL OWNER	HEAD COACH	STADIUM	TOP PLAYERS, SEASON ELIGIBLE
Birmingham Americans	Bill Pulam, post president, Atlanta Hawks and Flames	Jack Gotta (CFL)	Legion Field (72,000)	Ken Stabler '78 George Mira '74
Chicago Fire	Tom Orger, construction	Jim Spawlat (CFL)	Soldier Field (55,701)	Virgil Carter '74
Detroit Wheels	34 partners	Dan Boshare (E. Michigan U.)	E. Michigan U. (23,000)	Warren McVea '74
Houston Texans	R. Steven Arnold, attorney	To be announced	Rice Stadium (80,000) or Astrodome (47,000)	Hayle Granger '74
Honolulu Hawaiians	Sam Battisone, restaurant chain	Mike Giddings (NFL)	Honolulu Stadium (27,000)	Ted Kwalik '75 Olefin Hill '75
Jacksonville Sharks	Fran Mosato, medical laboratories	Red Asher (New Smyrna Beach High School)	Gator Bowl (72,000)	Mike Townsend '74
New York Stars	Bob Scherwitz, Owner Boston Celtics	Babe Parilli (NFL)	Downing Stadium (27,000)	John Elliott '74
Philadelphia Bell	Jack Kelly, post president, AAU	Ren Waller (NFL)	Franklin Field (68,000)	Steve Cherniack '75
Portland Storm	Bruce Gelliker, hotel chain	Dick Crary (NFL)	Civic Stadium (33,000)	Greg Barton '74
Southern California Sun	Larry Hatfield, trucking	Tom Fears (NFL)	Anaheim Stadium (47,000)	James McAlpin, Booker Brown, Kenneth Johnson '74
Toronto Northmen	John F. Bassett Jr., television	John McVay (U. of Dayton)	CNE Stadium (33,000)	Csonka, Kiick, Warfield '75
Washington Ambassadors	E. Joseph Wheeler Jr., marine engineering	Jack Pardee (NFL)	Annapolis, Md. (28,000) or Norfolk, Va. (32,000)	Bob Davis '74

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 28(12)



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a sofa. Tried an orange-flavor cigarette, but didn't know whether to smoke it—or squeeze it into her drink. 4. Nope. He's Harry Decamp Kunder. Wears gimmick on back, especially during hunting season. Was later attacked by a moose—who couldn't read. 5. Right. He goes back to nature to get away from the fads and gimmicks. Likes his cigarettes natural and honest, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor. 6. No. He's Tim Berwulf. Gimmick: "Expert" tracker. He once followed tracks into a cave—and shot a train.

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means are being used to fill out rosters. Southern California has signed 25 of its 36 college draftees, including UCLA Running Backs James McAlister and Kermit Johnson and USC Guard Booker Brown. For the Chicago Bear the plan seemed to be the more the merrier—the team has signed some 200 players. Detroit held a George Allen-style free-agent trout camp. One aspirant, 6'7" and 250 pounds but clearly too old, was told he couldn't make it as a player, and immediately begged, "Well, can I be a waterboy?" Florida was opting for experience, claiming to have 47 players under contract with two or more years of NFL service, although the one thing most seemed to have in common was the experience of being waived out of the league. The Sharks' owner, 3'5" Fran Monaco, fell short of reality when he announced the signing of Notre Dame Defensive Back Mike Townsend, a sixth-round draft choice, with these ringing words: "I feel the same way about signing Mike Townsend as the Jets did when they got Joe Namath. This is a big catch for us and the league."

Television was still another problem. The WFL has a contract with TVS that should bring each club about \$100,000 this season; the NFL will get \$2 million per team from new contracts with all three major networks that run through 1977 and make the chances of a fat contract for the WFL unlikely for the next four years. Furthermore, the World Football League has drawn up a tentative schedule that might be described as otherworldly, involving as it does such monumental plane trips as Philadelphia to Honolulu.

Nonetheless, the NFL no longer regards the new league as a fly-by-night outfit. "The NFL can have all the first-round draft choices in the world," says Repan, "if we can have the established players." The tactic is not new to football. When Al Davis was commissioner of the American Football League he brought about a merger with the NFL by raiding the older league's quarterbacks. As Davis pointed out last week, "The only difference is that they're speeding up the process by six years. It took us that long to figure out how the weaker league could bring the stronger league to its knees."

The WFL claims it is not seeking merger but a form of competitive coexistence. Several factors favor it in its race for es-

tablished veterans, not the least of which is a greater sense of unionism on the part of the members of the NFL Players Association. No tears have been shed by Dolphins over what Miami newspapers call The Great Defection. Asked about the alleged tragedy, All-Pro Guard Larry Little said, "I'm sure there'll be no animosity, only envy maybe, and good wishes. I'm just sorry I'm not going up there with them."

Not was there any of the chauvinistic feeling for the dear old NFL that characterized football's earlier war. Defensive Tackle Merlin Olsen of Los Angeles warned, "If the NFL established a franchise in Honolulu overnight to put the WFL out of business, I think the Players Association would sue." In the meantime the NFLPA's contract negotiations with the owners have resulted in a wait-and-see attitude and have given the WFL time to lure away stars. Gary Davidson is bubbling over the prospect that an NFL player might leave him with the only game in town, and when the NFL's Management Council refused to accept 56 of the Players Association's 57 demands last week, Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFLPA, could only wonder out loud if Davidson had been added to the owners' negotiating committee.

John Bassett explained why an expensive Csonka-Warfield-Knick package makes more sense to a struggling franchise than it does to an established one. "It's an interesting philosophy," Bassett told *The New York Times*. "It's more difficult for an established team to pay the going rate than a new team. I own the Toronto Toros of the WHA, and we're trying to sign Ken Dryden and the Mahovlich brothers [of the Montreal Canadiens] for next season. If we sell 800 more top season tickets, that'll pay for that big salary. But the Canadiens have sellouts anyway. They can't raise the prices to see the same team."

That logic prompted Birmingham to steal Kenny Stabler away from Oakland, which has had 33 straight regular-season sellouts at the Coliseum, and, ironically, from Al Davis, who received a telegram last week that read in part: "Kenny will sign with Birmingham. No need to ask you to meet offer as he simply wants to play in Alabama." The telegram was signed by Philip Henry Pitts, Stabler's longtime friend and attorney. Alabama is Stabler's home. He lives in Foley (pop. 3,400) with his 19-year-old wife Debbie,

two dogs named Baschus and Yogi, three cars, a pickup truck and a speedboat that goes more than 70 mph. And now, for the rights to his homegrown appeal, the Americans have made him another WFL millionaire.

Stabler may mean more to Birmingham than the Dolphin trio will to Toronto. He was a legend at the University of Alabama. In Snake Stabler's three years under Bear Bryant the Tide lost only twice, and last week he came home to a hero's welcome. At a press conference at the Birmingham airport Stabler talked about being out from under the "NFL hammer," which he said dictated to a player, "You're going to play professional football here or go out of the country and play it." The mayor greeted him, and a police motorcycle escorted him to Birmingham's minor league baseball park, where Henry Aaron, another Alabamian, was playing in the Braves' last spring exhibition. Stabler signed countless autographs and was going to throw out the first ball, but the original designer for the job, a society matron, refused to relinquish it.

Alabamians have their thing about a local boy. Even Joe Namath, another Crimson Tide quarterback, would not have been as important an acquisition for the Americans. "Namath was a transplant," said Charlie McMillan, chief of detectives in Selma, where Pitts and Stabler spent the next day. "He's too big for Alabama now. Alabamians are clannish."

The reception in Selma was no less enthusiastic. Stabler is known as "The Dart Thrower" because of his deadly short passes. In Mayor Joe Smitherman's office he threw four 20s in five tries at a dart board hanging on the back of the door while Pitts did some serious damage to the woodwork surrounding the target. Stabler posed for pictures with the mayor's staff and a 325-pound black policeman. There were newspaper and television interviews all afternoon long until Stabler finally admitted, "My material's getting a little old." But in Birmingham the Americans reported that season-ticket sales had soared 1,000 ahead of the expected rate, and even though it would be two years before Snake could play in the WFL, the Americans had already recouped \$80,000 of its investment in the left-handed quarterback.

In Alabama, Snake Stabler had bonafide the WFL.

END

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AARON BANKS, NEW YORK'S MARTIAL ARTIST

A karate black belt, he has become the premier promoter of the Oriental disciplines that have turned into a show-biz phenomenon

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

On his desk lay a brown paper bag, wrinkled at the top and bulging at the bottom; the kind of bag to carry salmon sandwiches in, or to carry money to the bank in. Sitting at his old, worn desk at the N.Y. Karate Academy on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan, Aaron Banks handed the brown paper bag to Arthur Taub, his assistant, and said to him, "Go lock yourself in a room. Take some rubber bands and envelopes." No



one locks himself in a room to count salsame sandwiches.

A onetime actor, singer, pool-hall hustler (he is an expert at three-cushion billiards) and currently the country's most successful promoter of the martial arts, Banks had just finished presenting the Oriental World of Self Defense at Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum. It was the second such show in six months and, like its predecessor, an astounding box-office success.

"This June I'm taking it into the big Garden where I expect to fill almost 20,000 seats," he said. Felt Forum, with its measly 4,600 seats, can no longer hold the likes of Aaron Banks. Every show is basically the same, but Banks tries to add something new each time, something no one else has thought of. In June, for instance, he will feature a karate expert against a Kung Fu master, judo vs. wrestling, kick boxing against Western-style boxing—not mere exhibitions but genuine interdisciplinary contests, strictly judged.

Banks is 45. His voice is a resonant bass-baritone and generally he does his own announcing, bringing his performers on with a flair reminiscent of vintage midway barkers.

"May we have absolute quiet, please," he says, "for this master who is going to take his sword and slice a cucumber resting against his student's throat!" Banks has been accused by his critics of putting on a circus, but he replies, "Anything that demonstrates that kind of control, with or without a weapon, is martial arts. When William Chen lies on the stage and shows the strength of his body by allowing himself to be run over by a motorcycle, that is martial arts. When Joseph Greenstein, a 92-year-old vegetarian known as the Mighty Atom, drives spikes through steel with his bare hands and bursts a chain with the strength of his chest, that is martial arts. After all, what was Houdini but a master of the martial arts? Were Houdini alive today, he undoubtedly would be appearing in one of Banks' shows.

But if Banks' extravaganzas often have

a carnival flavor, a fact that he admits, there is also plenty of solid karate demonstration, along with judo, aikido and other not-so-gentle arts still unfamiliar to a Western audience. Performers enter the ring in a weird assortment of costumes and protective masks to demonstrate such obsolete forms of battle as iaido, kendo, kenpo, nunchaku, tai chi chuan, sai, bo and ninjutsu, as well as the better-known kick boxing and jujitsu. And, absolutely basic to any such exhibition, the wholly spectacular breaking of wood, bricks, stone, cinder blocks and ice. Danny Pat, the star of Banks' last show, crushed blocks of ice totaling 1,500 pounds with one fist, an achievement worth \$800 on the current market (Banks' market, that is) for his two-minute stunt.

"My critics never complain about the breaking of wood," says Banks, "but what has wood to do with anything? A piece of wood never attacked anyone. I'll tell you. It's martial arts because it demonstrates strength and control."

Martial-arts shows are almost always too long: Banks' exhibitions are more sophisticated than most, but even so they are produced without rehearsal and with no more than the most cursory attention to timing. Performers turn up, are introduced, and simply go on, sometimes staying on until they, and the audience, are stupefied with exhaustion. One karate demonstration looks much like another to the uninitiated, and the subtle differences between Okinawan and Japanese karate may be lost between yawns. Banks' October show, scheduled loosely for two hours, continued for four, leaving only one hour between the afternoon and evening performances. On the other hand, his presentation of the Oriental World of Self Defense last April almost did not go on at all when some of the participants who had agreed to perform "for publicity only" demanded money once they got a look at the full house. Banks, moving quickly, and with what for him amounted to arbitration, told the strikers to get lost. The show went on without the disgruntled faction, though one demonstrator did apologize to Banks and ask to be allowed to perform. "I am not a revengeful man," Banks says. "I let him go on and then he tried to sabotage the

show by performing for 40 minutes, almost putting the audience to sleep. He didn't get off stage until I threatened to turn out the lights."

Banks is no stranger to the problems of martial-arts production. His first karate exhibition in 1966 netted him "three bologna sandwiches and a Coke." His first successful promotion at Manhattan's Town Hall in 1968 made a profit of \$2,000. At Sunnyside Garden in Queens he promoted the first N.Y. State Professional Karate Championships, asking for a percentage of the gate, a deal that netted him \$15,000 and a lot of trouble. Toward the last of the 14 tournaments held there, the show almost turned into the very last word in race riots, with, Banks says, "Orientals fighting Americans, blacks fighting whites, and spectators jumping into the ring to take sides, some of them with guns." Banks thought karate might never recover from the disgrace. His next promotion was an invitation-only tournament, with the contestants carefully selected, a practice he continues to follow. "There is still so much evil in the world!" he mourns. John McGee, of *Official Karate* magazine, perhaps the most literate writer in the field, sees it a little differently. "There are a lot of sick people in the martial arts," McGee says, and cites as an example the student of weaponry who, in the course of a tournament, launched a shuriken (a sharp-bladed instrument used in ninjutsu) at McGee's head. "He didn't like an article I had written about his instructor," says McGee, who ducked the flying missile just in time. Undisturbed by such testimony, Banks will tell anyone who has an hour or two to listen that the martial arts in general have a gentling influence and that karate, in particular, made him the "honest, decent, law-abiding citizen" he is today—a virtual teetotaler and non-smoker who once drank and smoked himself into an almost fatal bout with double pneumonia.

He was an experimenter with drugs before that became a fad, a drifter, a dreamer who could not make a living. The second son of a New York sports-writer and a registered nurse, young Aaron was an exceptional underachiever. His formal education stopped when he was graduated from Evander Childs

continued

BACKED by Actor Toshio Mifune and with Mercury, at his side, Banks spends half his workday on the phone, half directing his school

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AARON BANKS *profile*

High School in the Bronx, where he lived
with his parents.

At the age of 19, he was tall and slender. High forehead and cheekbones accentuated the narrow face and long, esthetic nose. Dark brown eyes and unruly black hair gave him the look of a poet, and the handsome young man had an ego to match. He left home to make his way as an actor. Aggressive, he managed to get a few parts. He played a gangster in the movie *Greenwich Village Story* and he made Broadway briefly in *Two Br. Savonarola*, with parts in both plays. "Always the heavy," he says, "but never a star."

Dissolve one career, start another singing. Banks studied with Alan Greene who was also coaching Harry Belafonte. Greene recalls that Belafonte insisted on singing folk music, which was not then likely to get him into the big time. Banks didn't make it into the big time then, either. A few club dates, and he was headed into career No. 3, as an acting coach and a director of plays. In 1963 he opened a studio, held auditions and scouted for talent. "I remember hearing this tape of a girl singing. I said, 'Oh, she's terrible.' It was Barbara Streisand."

Between failures Banks took on odd jobs: short-order cook, salad-maker, dishwasher, theater usher. By this time he was 31 years old, defeated and resentful. Finally, he tried a job as salesman at the Colony record shop. An incident there changed his life.

"I had a fight and lost." The statement is so succinct, so beautifully simple for the usually verbose Banks, that one concludes the subject is still painful. His opponent was a fellow employee. An argument started in the store and proceeded to the street. The fight that followed was out of all proportion to whatever started it, and, says John McGee, "All the discontent, the bitterness of the past few years boiled up and Banks erupted." Later, McGee wrote, "By the time a 20-man detachment from the New York Police Department had arrived the two men had clawed, chewed and punched each other almost a block down the street. Banks had reached a maniacal frenzy and relentlessly hurled his scrawny and battered 6'1" frame at his taller, heavier opponent. Bystanders reported the skinny man fought like a crazed animal with little chance of winning."

When two of the policemen attempted to pry the brawlers apart, the larger man cooperated and backed off, but

Banks somehow overpowered the officers and continued his screaming, headlong charges. He had nearly gotten a stranglehold on his enemy, when four more police joined the fracas and helped drag him off to the tank.

It was shortly after this luckless episode that Banks enrolled in a health studio and studied karate with one John Slocum. He gave up drinking and narcotics after the first 10 lessons. (As a philosopher has put it, "The trouble with the martial arts is that it turns killers into gentlemen.") Banks, in pursuit of physical and spiritual excellence, went from teacher to teacher, filling in gaps, learning this technique from one, that technique from another. Within four years he was promoted to black belt in the Goguryu karate system and was ready for tournaments. This career was also brief. Still lacking proper control at strike point, Banks "won" his only two tournaments by rendering his opponents unconscious, for which he was, of course, promptly disqualified. His favorite techniques were, and still are, the reverse punch and from kick.

"Karate was never meant to be a sport," he says. "It was designed for self-defense. Judo is a sport. Jigoro Kano, the founder of modern judo, took the best techniques from jujitsu and modified them so that two contestants could fight without hurting each other. Karate has a lot of tension in it at strike point. It is based on stop-start movement. Kung Fu, on the other hand, is circular, with continuous motion, lacking tension. Kung Fu is more effective than karate because it flows—it's hard to stop a waterfall—and Kung Fu is also harder to master because our bodies are conditioned to stop-start movement. It takes about 15 years to become expert at Kung Fu, about eight years to master karate."

Kung Fu, scarcely known in America five years ago, is now one of the hottest items around, thanks to Hollywood and television, though most of the fighting in films is faked with trick camera shots. "Even a Kung Fu expert can't jump 50 feet in the air," says Banks wryly. But Banks was an admirer of the late Bruce Lee, who rose to stardom as Kato in the *Green Hornet* TV series, and whom Banks describes as a genuine Kung Fu master. His death at 32 last July from no immediately apparent cause created shock waves in the world of martial arts that still have not subsided.

PHOTOGRAPH

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In October, convinced that Lee had been murdered, Banks asked the audience attending the Oriental World of Self Defense show to stand for a moment's silence "in honor of the slain warrior." Banks reasons: "It is possible for a Kung Fu expert to touch a man on a vital spot that will cause him to die about a month later. Lee did more to take the mystery out of Kung Fu than anyone else. He was a success. He had enemies. There is nothing a failure hates so much as someone else's success." Then, pointing his long, esthetic nose toward the window, in the direction of the world, he repeats, "Oh, there is still so much evil!"

The majority of students who register for lessons at Banks' academy now sign up for Kung Fu, which has replaced karate in popularity. Banks' chief instructor, Chester Chin, gives lessons to 150 Kung Fu students three days a week. "Chin teaches the real thing," says Banks. "There is still this idiotic fetish of secrecy about Kung Fu, and it's difficult to find an instructor who will teach it to Americans." Ads in the martial-arts magazines, however, offer pamphlets revealing "the deadly fighting secrets of Kung Fu" for \$5.

Banks' day starts at the N.Y. Karate Academy at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the third floor of a building that used to house a pool hall. He is often there until 11 p.m., though he shoes students out earlier. The neighborhood is famous for meggings and other Manhattan hobbies, and Banks worries about the influence of the go-go club that recently opened on the street floor. Arthur Tash starts work at noon, sorting mail and answering the telephone that rings constantly, mostly with queries about classes (\$35 a month, six days a week for karate, \$35 a month, three days a week for Kung Fu, \$30 for a uniform, \$5 per month for a locker, \$3 to watch a class in progress). A fee to watch discourages mere curiosity seekers.

At about five p.m. the students begin to climb the stairs, following arrows on the wall and signs painted in bright yellow on the steps: Tai chi chuan (first step), Jiu-Jitsu (second step), Judo (third step), Kung Fu (fourth step) and, finally, Karate. After three flights of this martial graffiti, one arrives at a creaking door that the *Jones* *Son* people would have envied. It opens into a reception room, where Banks has his desk. Five practice rooms

continued

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AARON BANKS — *continued*

he beyond. Students present their registration cards on entering, and Banks checks them to see that they are paid up. He says he is idealistic about the martial arts but not to the point of putting himself out of business. The creaking door opens and closes all evening long.

Two little boys arrive breathless, hoping to buy one of the posters of Bruce Lee—temporarily sold out, as they have been for weeks. A karate student wanders through the room exposing a bare torso. "Put your top on. This is an office, not a swimming pool," Banks says sternly. Another student appears five minutes after the Kung Fu class has started. "If you were late for my class, you would do 100 push-ups," Banks tells him. The boy grins and heads for a dressing room.

"No discipline anymore," mutters Banks. Someone calls his attention to the fact that *ku chuan*, on the first step downstairs, is misspelled. Arthur is instructed to call the sign painter. He must come over immediately and repaint the step. "It makes me look bad if people think I can't spell the things I advertise." More students arrive, dollar bills float across Banks' desk and disappear into a drawer. Clack, snap. The telephone rings. Banks listens. It is clear from the expression on his face that evil has once again entered his world.

The role he had discussed with the producer of the motion picture *Three the Hard Way*, starring Jim Brown, Fred Williamson and Jim Kelly, has fallen through. A secretary explains to Banks, not very tactfully, perhaps, that they are now thinking of a walk-on part that will involve his getting beaten up by Kelly, originally Banks had agreed to choreograph the fight scenes and to take a speaking role. Would Banks still be willing, the secretary wonders, to supply four karate and Kung Fu extras, as promised? And will he accept the part?

Banks bites off the reply. He tells the secretary that he choreographed the fight scenes for *Ljustrata* with Melina Mercouri, gave Actor Fred Williamson free karate lessons, once taught karate to the Rockettes en masse, has instructed such luminaries as Buddy Rich, Steve Lawrence (for his role in *Blair Makes Sammy Run*) and actresses Barbara Burre and Shelley Winters. Only he, Aaron Banks, can "lend authenticity to such a picture," and no, he will not allow himself to walk on and be beaten up by Jim Kelly. Or anyone else. Yes, he will still supply the

continued



**24
MPG**

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**29
MPG**

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extras because he, at least, is a man of his word. Other than that, he wants no part of *Three the Hard Way*, and he hangs up.

The next phone call puts him in a better mood. A young fan compliments him on the October show at the Felt Forum but wants to know why Ralf Bualla, billed on the program as "the man who catches bullets in his teeth," was not in it.

"He got shot," says Banks matter-of-factly. Fortunately, Bualla has recovered and will appear in the June show. He, Chen (to be run over by a small truck this time) and Ronald Duncan, who catches flaming steel-tipped arrows with his bare hands, will be featured; Bualla will be the best-paid performer. "The Living Target," Banks says after hanging up, will get \$3,000. Bualla takes on his own medical costs (including those of a funeral, in case of accident, or, as Bualla put it in a letter to Banks, for "face-liftings." He has had time of those so far in his precarious vocation, certain bullets having gone astray. What makes his act unusual, Bualla feels, is the marksman. Possibly preferring not to share top billing, he simply chooses someone from the audience to fire the gun.

"He'll have a marksman in our show," promises Banks, and quotes from the final paragraph of the letter from Bualla, who is a German. "My wife who assists me," Bualla wrote, "wears a long, green gown. I wear a black silk tail."

Banks is a bit defensive about presenting Bualla. "Catching a bullet in the mouth is a feat," he says. "Who would think of a man against weapons? Who? In karate you block a punch. This man blocks a bullet... well, most of the time."

In October 1973 Banks entered the New York majority race on what a newspaper called the Black Belt ticket, which now makes him laugh. "My whole purpose—seriously, was to get crime off the streets, but it occurred to me that I knew nothing about housing, welfare, highways and all those other things majors have to concern themselves with. I figured I could learn, but there were a lot of clowns entering the race, and I withdrew after about three weeks. Besides, I have my hands full here."

A young man came in to sign up for 10 private Kung Fu lessons and slowly doled out \$200. Check, snip went the desk drawer. Another brown paper bag was well on its way to being filled.

END



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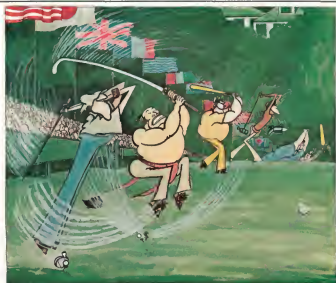
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No golf tournament in the world combines the rich traditions, the sense of decorum or the solemnity of the Masters. All week long the ambience is ceremonial, from the champion's dinner on Tuesday to the awarding of the winner's green jacket on Sunday evening. In keeping with the dignity of the event, Arnold (a grand old name) Roth, an artist celebrated for his reverence for propriety, was sent to Augusta to record his impressions, the results of which appear on the next four pages. After that, a look at how the local folks feel about the annual doings at the west end of town.

Augusta In Arnold's Looking Glass



One blade of grass a fraction too long



The international driving range



An impartial gallery



The fairways of Augusta



The waters of Augusta



The woods of Augusta



They are well-connected, or they wouldn't have tickets. They are easy on the eye, in crisp spring outfits of predominantly red, white and blue. They are unresentful about being prohibited from running and they are duly responsive to green litter bags marked PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE. They constitute what is often referred to as "one of the most orderly crowds in the world."

They are just about nice enough, then, for the grounds: a landscape impeccable as to greens, lush and rolling as to fairways, white as to bunkers, blue as to ponds and resplendent as to red dogwood, white dogwood, azalea, juniper, redbud, Nandina and holly.

The crowd sips cool drinks on the clubhouse veranda or flows around the sword. Seeing, being seen. Emitting rich, mellow "Ahs" for good shots and lower, softer "Awwwwws" for missed putts. Clapping some, too. And pulling for, say, Oosterhuis to birdie Flowering Crabapple, which is the official name of the 4th hole.

That is the general atmosphere of Augusta National Golf Club during Masters Week. Lovely. But where are bunkers? Where is mystery? Where is funk? Who picks up the cigarette butts? Where can a person go to get tattooed?

The answers to these questions lie—in some cases—beyond the soft-focus scene at the course. But not beyond Augusta, an east Georgia town of 60,000 whose main-street monument to the Confederacy says, NO NATION ROSE SO WHITE AND FAIR, NONE FELL SO PURE OF CRIME, and one of whose smaller newspapers, *The Mirror*, in a front-page headline during Masters Week last year proclaimed:

WOMAN CUTS 3, TRIES TO CUT 2 OTHERS, ATTEMPTS TO CUT NITE CLUB MANAGER, IS SHOT.

No doubt the Masters is Augusta's most illustrious feature, and it affects the lives of a great many people in town. But as one resident declares, "Somebody tried to tell me that nobody would live here if it weren't for the Masters. That's not true. There's the nitrogen plant, Fort Gordon and the Medical College of Georgia, with all those doctors and things." Furthermore, there are country music shows, live wrestling, Elizabeth Taylor's gynecologist, the John U. Strother Old Folks Home, a barber-shop advertising *STYLISH HAIRCUTS*,

FLAT TOPS, and the Woodlawn Baptist Church, whose marquee last April read on one side, TODAY LET THE MASTER MASTER YOU and on the other side, if you'RE Tired of, PUTT in HERE. In 1972 it read, WHEN CHRIST AROSE GOD PLACED THE MASTERS JACKET ON HIM.

Another local religious operation with a tie-in to the Masters is a one-man effort run by W. A. Ethridge. He is a short, elderly, serene-seeming man who lives in and evangelizes out of a red panel truck that has PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD, JOHN 3:16, REV. 20:15 and JESUS SAVES THE LOST written on it. Augusta is Eth-

ridge's home base, but he gets around. "I've been in 48 state capitals and handed out six million Gospel tracts since 1960," he said one afternoon last Masters Week after driving back and forth outside Augusta National for a while, playing Gospel music loudly on his tape deck. "I never picked up a ball. I never hit one. But you look at all this money that's put back of golf. And that's for flesh entertainment. Now, how much more for spiritual entertainment?"

Around Ethridge's neck is a small medallion that says MISSIONARY. "But still and all," he says, "any kind of clean entertainment is spiritual. Anything that precious souls get joy out of. It all fits in a pattern—long as it's clean. Precious souls see that other things need comforting as well as the deep spiritual. Everybody knows we're living in peerless times, but thanks for golf to comfort the precious souls. There's precious souls that follow golf all over the world—your mind opens when you travel."

The souls from out of town are more precious financially to some Augustans than others. The hotels and motels are booked months in advance at jacked-up

prices. Many visitors rent houses, at up to \$1,500 for the week, from local people who go away on vacation. Masters veterans avoid the few good restaurants in town because they know people will be lined up to get in. A flush week is had by the nities.

It remains uncertain what will be the most popular spot for television and press people this year. For the past two or three it was a place called The Cadaver, over by the medical college (the waitresses were dressed like nurses). But since last April The Cadaver has gone out of business and become a Lam's hot-

A Town's View of the Affair

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

dog palace, so it doubtless has settled down considerably.

Other enterprises take a more oblique advantage of the Masters. "Southern Roofing Co., Home of Christian Metal Screens and Awnings. Welcome to Augusta. Our Masters Guests," said a sign on the way into town from Bush Field (which has a sign on one pyracanthus-covered wall identifying it as the COUNTRY CLUB AIR TERMINAL). "Welcome Masters. Ballard Flour 5 lb. 49c," said a grocer's sign, and "Beautiful Hanging Baskets for Masters," said a florist's. The Augusta bookstores report that the Masters brings them little extra custom, but last year they prominently displayed several golf books, and also—perhaps coincidentally—*A Nobody Goes Hell to Everybody*, by Augustan Robert L. Balfour, with whom Chu Chu Rodriguez has stayed on Masters visits. In his lively book Balfour decries a number of modern trends and reports that in college he had a friend with an artificial leg who would go into a restaurant and order a toasted lumberjack sandwich. When the waitress would demur, the friend would "throw a perfect fit and gain the atten-

continued

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Circle the correct answer.

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- ① Which one has the best car coverage plan?



- ② Which one has the best resale value?



- ③ Which one has the most on the American road today?



- ④ Which one has 4-wheel independent suspension?



- ⑤ Which one has a sealed-steel bottom with nothing exposed underneath it?



- ⑥ Which one has the engine over the drive wheels for better traction?



- ⑦ Which one has the most repeat customers?



- ⑧ Which one has a built-in system for computer check-ups?



⑤ Volkswagen ⑥ Volkswagen ⑦ Volkswagen ⑧ Volkswagen

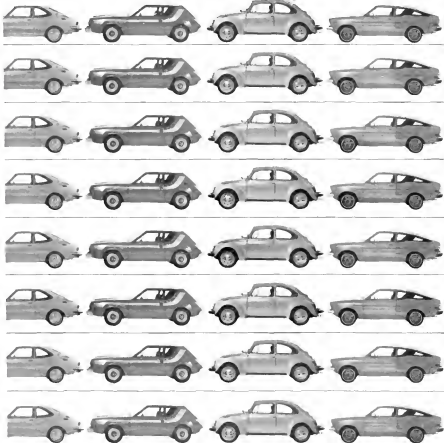
economy car I.Q.

Toyota Corolla

Gremlin

Volkswagen

Datsun B210



Answers: ① Volkswagen ② Volkswagen ③ Volkswagen ④ Volkswagen

tion of everyone present. He would then reach into his inside pocket, pull out an ice pick and jam it through some old trousers into his artificial leg. While it stuck there he would snap it, and as it vibrated back and forth the waitress would practically pass out."

Balfour also notes, as an example to the young, that "five years ago I knew nothing about golf cars or batteries. . . . Through study and research I've had 19 different articles on golf cars or batteries published in 14 national magazines and the editorial comment at the end of one . . . reads, 'The article by Robert L. Balfour has been cited by battery industry experts as one of the finest reports on battery maintenance ever made available to the golf car industry.'"

The Masters no doubt has a beneficial impact, direct or indirect, on Balfour's company, which makes golf carts, but it does not do the Star Cafe on Eighth Street, in the downtown commercial area, any good. In the Star, "Next to Home the Best Place to Eat," last year you could get ham hocks and three vegetables for \$1.24 or a plate of fried chicken gizzards for 90c, and hear some diverting conversation. But you do not catch the Masters crowd eating at the Star.

There are some grand old gabled homes near the Star, with elderly people rocking on their porches, but this end of town has always been set apart from the western, uphill area, where the golf club and a number of fine residential streets are located. Originally this area was not even part of the city. Known as Summerville, it was established as a rich man's high-ground refuge from yellow fever, which prevailed in 19th century Augusta from June to October. The fever period was also the social season—gentry came into Summerville from as far away as Charleston to escape the vapors given off by rotting cottonseeds, which were believed to carry the disease.

Down on Broad Street close to the Savannah River, where the bales of cotton were piled, is Ted's Tattoo, which has a sign in the window that states, "Speak up for the ART of TATTOOING. For ART it is, and can be if properly handled. TATTOOING, in its proper clean and more beautiful form is far superior to costly jewelry."

However, it appears that no one has ever thought enough of tattooing in this town during Masters Week to have one of those Masters emblems—a United

States map with a little golf flagstick stuck in the approximate area of Augusta—tattooed on his chest. Eddie Peace, whose studio is near Ted's, says, "We do have people down here for the Masters come in, but they get the usual tattoos like other people would. Right now it's a peace emblem that's popular. And girls get the butterflies. In sports they get motorcycles—aw, I don't know what all. But not directly golf, no."

The tournament is no boon to the taxi business, according to a driver. The first week of every month, Masters month or not, is the peak taxi-taking period, what with the old people, their welfare checks just in, calling cabs to take them shopping, and the just-paid Fort Gordon troops being lured into town by such enticements as the "almost topless girls," which were advertised at the Motel Warrack.

For black Augusta in general—which is to say 50.3% of the population, mostly clustered around the downtown area—Masters Week is not exactly a festival. The *Night Beat* column in *The Mirror* during last year's tournament did not mention the Masters, though it was pleased to note that Archie Dell and the Dwelles, at an unspecified nightclub, "did a wonderful job. . . . They are always popular and always put forth their best feet—and partner, their best foot is something else."

The *Augusta News-Review*, a more sedate black paper, carried a front-page editorial last year that said in part, "Augusta wouldn't think of having all Black policemen, all Black firemen, all Black teachers, or all Black appointees to positions of responsibility. Then why all Black caddies . . . ?"

"In movies, we are used to watching the African safari where the natives carry the gun and the MASTER shoots at. In Augusta the 'native' picks up the ball and the MASTER hits it. . . ."

Mrs. Carrie J. Mays is one of three black members of the city council. "I wouldn't know a bad golfer from a good one," she says, but "purely because of politics" she has an option on four tickets, "which I'm real proud of. A lot of white folks would give anything for them."

One such white person is David Peet, a past vice-president of the Augusta Jaycees and head of the civic project that transformed a formerly impassable, water-moccasin-laced area down by the riv-

er into perhaps the nicest spot in Augusta—an excellent park for riverside strolling, a small, public Summerville-on-the-bottoms. Peet has been in town for just three years and therefore, he says with some impatience, is merely "on the list to get on the list" to get tickets to the tournament.

Mrs. Mays claimed only two of her ticket-lust year and gave those to friends, who would account for a good 20% of the nonworking black spectators observed on the course daily during the week. But she says that if Jim Dent, a black Augustan who started as an Augusta National caddy and has gone on to win some recognition and money on the tour, were ever invited to participate in the Masters, "I might drag out there to see him play."

However, Mrs. Mays doesn't want to see any special exceptions made for Dent. If that were done, she says, Tournament Director Clifford Roberts "could apologize to his friends—who would certainly be white—and say, 'Well, we allowed Jim to play because he's a local boy, we felt like we wanted to do that much for him.' That would be a dressed-up bunch of hogwash." She wants Jax does Roberts, according to his public statements in recent years) a black player to be invited under the rules like everybody else.

The Masters does do something for various blacks economically. Mrs. Mays' son Willie, who works with her in the family funeral parlor, usually chauffeurs distinguished visitors around town during the week in the parlor's limousine, and a good many other blacks pick up extra money in service capacities. For instance, James Dunn, now acting principal at Tubman Junior High School, for several years worked as a waiter in the clubhouse during the tournament week. After the schools with which he had been associated were integrated he occasionally found himself serving one of his students. He says it did not get him down.

Another Masters job performed by blacks is going around puncturing trash with a 12-pronged, spring-release stick and placing it in a big green bag. Representatives of these litter pickers, boys of high school age, were interviewed glancingly, since they felt a certain pressure not to goof off, but the following exchanges did take place one afternoon last year as, in the distance, J. C. Snead was hoisting Golden Bell, which is the 12th hole.

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it."**

**"So
do I."**

**"It's the
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"All the kids in town get out of school all week so they can work here, huh?"

"That's so."

"But what are you going to do now that the tournament is extended over into Monday?"

"Not going to school Monday, either. I got good grades. No point in going to school and maybe doing something to mess 'em up."

"Have you found any interesting things, picking up trash?"

"Have I found a lot of interesting things? Have I found a whole lot of 'em? I found a hundred dollars."

"Don't believe him," says a friend. "He lie more than the average liar."

"I found a pint liquor bottle," says the first.

"How does Masters Week affect you?"

"A lot. Whoo."

"You tired?"

"Yes, goodness. And I don't get to see my woman."

"When you do see her, though, next week, you'll have plenty of money."

"That's exactly the week I *don't* want to see her."

"How much do you make?"

"\$1.70 an hour; \$150 a week."

"That's pretty good."

"For working 12 hours with one 15-minute break?"

"Aren't there any white kids picking up paper?"

"Naw. They holding ropes."

"Black kids pick up paper and white kids hold ropes?"

"Naw. Some black kids hold ropes. And they would take whites to pick up paper. But I don't know how long they would hold up under the work."

Two white kids who were game to try were ROTC students ("they picked kids with short hair to represent the school") from Butler High. They were employed posting scores on the board near the 8th hole, or Yellow Jasmine. Sloping up from the tee is a hill, one of the places where the nonworking young traditionally sun themselves under the scrutiny of security men. The score posters were using binoculars to get a load of strange girls going by in halibuts. ("A lot of girls from Ohio are here every year," a local high-schooler observed. "Those Ohio girls are funny. They just want to listen to the way we talk.")

One of the score posters took a break to change Tommy Aaron's number from three under to four. A cheer went up. The

poster took a bow. "Thank you, thank you. I put up that score," he said.

"Scoreboard guys get \$5 a day meal money," his friend said, "and \$10 on Monday, when we should be in school. We're going to break the color line next year. We're going to pick up paper."

"Why?"

"Those cats told us they were getting \$2.10 an hour."

One major problem during the Masters is the influx of automobiles. "We've got 1930 streets, and here it is 1973," pointed out a city policeman. The department works overtime, some men 16 hours a day for seven days, to handle the extra traffic. Last year an officer on crutches had to be pressed into duty for office work.

The traffic can be turned to the advantage of some, of course. Last year there was a man selling trampolines outside the main gate to the club. He said he had taken orders for five in six days. He had a sign up reading TRAMPOLINES, TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT. But he did not have an actual trampoline assembled on the scene.

"Oughta put one up and have a broad in a bikini bouncing on it," a man told him.

"Kids would get on it," he said.

"Kids wouldn't be all," the man said with a leer.

Next to the trampoline man's lot, right across from Gate 3, Mrs. Dorothy Bryant was running a \$400-a-week business in her front yard. Ordinarily her home doubles as the Washington Road Beauty Salon, which is why she has a beauty-parlor chair and a hat tree covered with wigs ("ones people've left") in her living room, and hair-style photographs tacked up on her walls. She makes only about \$100 a week from beauty. During Masters Week she and her kids and her friends park cars and sell refreshments on the lawn.

"In a couple of months the grass comes back up," she says. "I'm not even interested in golf, but this year we're getting \$3 a car."

A great number of people in Augusta enjoy the Masters, but it can hardly be said that any one emotion pervades the town during the tournament. On Saturday night at the height of the week last year there was a party at the Sans Souci apartment complex, which offers its singles and young marrieds a seven-hole putting green and other comforts. Out-

side the party, in a Volkswagen, there was a pretty blonde young woman crying.

Her husband wouldn't let her go out by herself, she said, and he worked at night and she worked during the day, and she wasn't happy being married, and she'd been drinking, and her husband had a gun, and she liked to dance, and she had to go home.

"What," she was asked as gently as possible, "does the Masters mean to you?"

She spoke in terms of traffic. "The Masters," she pondered before starting up her car to go home. She was still crying. "The Masters means 45 minutes to make an eight-minute drive."

But few local reactions are as world-weary as that. One of the white-covered-altered trustees cutting weeds with a sling down by the river last year under minimal supervision—Augusta has a model work-release program—said that there was considerable interest in the tournament at the jail. "I'm looking to January," he said.

"You get out then?"

"No, Dow January. I got him in the pool."

Down on Broad Street a thin old man was riding a big bicycle. PRAYER WAS written on the mudflap, there were Palm Sunday fronds on the back and the big basket contained a radio and a number of less identifiable items. HOKE WAS written on the side of the bike.

Hoke stopped to talk to another, somewhat less vigorous, old man standing on the sidewalk.

"I've known you a long time," Hoke said. "I've known you since you were on the police force."

The man lifted a tube to a hole in his throat and said through it, in a distant voice, "That's right."

"Keep on," Hoke said to the man. "Don't stop."

"That's right," the man said.

"That's why I come out here every day," said Hoke. "Don't stop." And he pedaled on.

A little farther down the way Hoke was asked, "Do people in town get excited about the Masters?"

"Some do," he said. "Some don't."

"Do you?"

"Oh yes. I listen to it on the radio here," Hoke said. He nodded his head firmly. "You got to have some recreation," he went on, "or your mind'll just go . . . plunk."

On the day before he is to pitch his second batting practice of spring training, Steve Blass sits in a booth in Trader Jack's restaurant in Bradenton Beach, Fla. and tells a funny story. He has always been good at telling a story. He has original material and the natural timing and proper inflections of a born comic. This story is truly funny, if slightly risqué, and he tells it while absent-mindedly peeling a shrimp and dipping it in red sauce. He raises the shrimp to his mouth and pauses an appropriate beat, but he delivers the punch line without animation. Something is distracting him. He returns the uneaten shrimp to his plate. "Jeez, it's such a big thing, now," he says. "It never leaves me. No matter what I'm doing, it never goes very far away. Just sitting here, I'm getting totally psyched up about it already. Before, I'd just go out and do it. I never thought about it. It's only batting practice. I used to joke around with the hitters, scream things at them, you know, agitate a little. But now..." His shoulders sag noticeably, and he shakes his head once. "I never struggled at pitching before. I mean, I was never uncertain about whether or not I wanted to walk out to the mound. Now, it scares me. Scares hell out of me. You have no idea how frustrating it is. You don't know where you're going to throw the ball. You're afraid you might hurt someone. You know you're embarrassing yourself but you can't do anything about it. You're helpless. Totally afraid and helpless..."

Steve Blass has always been one of those fidgety pitchers who seem continually to be touching some part of themselves or their uniforms as if to reassure themselves that they exist, there, on a major league mound, in a major league stadium, before thousands of major league



PITCHER IN SEARCH OF A PITCH

Pittsburgh's Steve Blass was a big winner until his control began to go. The new season finds him desperately worried by PAT JORDAN

fans. Reassured, he takes the sign from his catcher and begins his pump. He raises both hands overhead, and suddenly his right leg, the one in contact with the rubber, begins to wobble uncontrollably. From a distance that leg looks as if it has the consistency of an overcooked strand of spaghetti. Up close, it looks as if that

leg is expressing an urge to flee. But Blass resists, keeps his right foot anchored to the rubber and delivers the pitch.

During most of his career with the Pittsburgh Pirates, Blass was able to make his pitches cut some part of the plate. From 1966 to 1972 he was one of the premier control pitchers in the ma-

for leagues. He averaged a little more than two bases on balls per game. His control, keen intelligence and more than adequate pitching repertoire earned him 95 victories during that time. He won 18 games in 1968, 16 games in '69, 15 games in '71 and 19 games in '72. Still, his modest nature and unflashy success (he has never won 20 games in a season) left him relatively anonymous to the

baseball public until, in the fall of 1971, he became a World Series hero. With the Pirates trailing the Baltimore Orioles two games to none, Blass pitched a three-hitter for his team's first victory. The Pirates eventually evened the Series at three games apiece, and Danny Murtaugh, their manager, nominated Blass to pitch the seventh and deciding game on a Sunday afternoon in Baltimore.

The night before the game Blass went out to dinner with a few friends. He barely picked at his food, rose before dessert and said he was going back to his hotel room. "I have a date with the wallpaper," he said, "I have to count all the flowers." He was awake untidily early in the morning. He sat on the edge of his bed, staring at the flowered wallpaper, and contemplated his pitching strategy for the most important game of his career. That afternoon he pitched a four-bitter and brought the Pirates their first World Series title in 11 years. As always, he fidgeted and twitched on the mound in full view of the more than 53,000 fans at Memorial Stadium and the millions more watching the game on television. To those who had never before seen Blass pitch, he must have looked like a puppet being jerked about by an unseen band, or maybe just a scared young boy trying desperately to keep from coming apart in the face of such pressures. Yet he weathered the pressures in such a heroic manner that afterward, in the Pirates' locker room, he was besieged by reporters, cameras, flashbulbs and microphones. Naked but for a towel wrapped around his waist, he confronted the reporters with boyish exuberance. "Imagine!" he said. "Me! A skinny kid from Falls Village, Connecticut! A World Series hero!" He seemed truly amazed. At 29, with a slight build and clear blue eyes, he did look more like a young boy than a 12-year baseball professional. (He still does. His body amazes him, he says. He has never suffered a sore arm, aching back, or ripped muscles, while younger men—his teammate Dock Ellis, for instance—seem unable to get through a season without an injury.)

The reporters smiled at his exuberance, dismissing it as the worldly charm of a mature man who had crosscrossed the continent in jumbo jets, who was making a salary of more than \$70,000 a season, who had just won two superbly pitched games in one of the most pressure-packed of World Series, and who was definitely not just "a skinny kid" from a quaint little northern Connecticut town that contained two banks, a village inn, a few pre-Revolutionary War homes, a selectman named Miles Blodgett and 931 people, all of whom knew Steve Blass personally. But to Blass it did not matter how those reporters saw him; it mattered only how he saw himself.

"I'm as happy just being here," he said

continued



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PITCHER

in the spring. "I mean, why me? There are plenty of pitchers with better stuff than me and they're not in the majors. I've always felt I owed the Pirates for letting me pitch. I really have great affection for the organization, I or some reason they always treated me as a fast-haired boy. Would you believe I'm making \$90,000 a season and I never won 20 games in a season?" He shakes his head in disbelief. "Really, it amazes me! My success amazes me."

Bothered by the '71 Series, Blass had a superb season in 1972. He won 19 games for his new manager, Bill Virdon, and lost only eight. He had an ERA of 2.48 while walking only 84 batters in 250 innings. He won a game against the Cincinnati Reds in the National League playoffs, and was chosen by Virdon to start the deciding game of that series. Blass pitched seven creditable innings before he was relieved in a game the Reds eventually won on a wild pitch in the ninth inning.

And then in 1973 Steve Blass won three games. He lost nine. He walked 84 batters in 89 innings and posted one of the highest ERAs among major league pitchers—9.81. By July, Virdon seldom used him. By September, when the Bucs were fighting for the pennant, Virdon told reporters he would no longer risk pitching Steve Blass in such important ball games. "He probably won't pitch for the remainder of the season," said Virdon. When asked by reporters why he didn't put Blass on the disabled list, Virdon said, "There's nothing physically wrong with him."

"If I was Virdon I wouldn't have used me, either," Blass says. "I was totally ineffective and wild. He gave me more chances than I had a right to expect. He was fighting for a pennant, and I couldn't even hit the catcher. I didn't get hit myself all year. How could I? I was throwing the ball behind batters. I started the season poorly, but thought nothing of it. I had had poor starts before—I was 2-8 one year—and had always been able to turn them around."

"But instead of snapping out of it, I got progressively worse. After 13 starts I was absolutely inefficient. It was a mechanical thing at first. My motion was uncoordinated. I was hurrying my pitches. My body was moving faster toward the plate than my arm, and to compensate, my arm began rushing to catch up. The result was I was throwing pitches

continued

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high and outside to right-handed batters and behind the heads of left-handers. After a while, I knew what was wrong but I couldn't correct it. It was just a pitcher's slump. I should have been able to snap out of it sooner than I did. Maybe I wasn't analytical enough. I don't like to break things down too much. I can handle things as long as they're going along smoothly."

Blass became so emotionally distraught that he was almost relieved to learn that Virdon would no longer use him. It was a burden off his shoulders. He would no longer have to walk out to the mound and embarrass himself.

"You don't understand how immense a frustration I felt," he says. "A sore arm is tangible. I can understand that. There's a reason. But what was happening to me. I didn't understand that."

Before the season ended Virdon was fired and replaced with Murtaugh, a wily old Irishman who has managed to convince the Pirate organization men that he is their messiah. Hoping to rebuild Blass' confidence, Murtaugh announced that he would start him in a game. Blass was terrified.

"It was in Chicago," he says. "Six weeks before, the last time I pitched, I walked five batters in 1½ innings. I roamed the streets of Chicago until 5:30 in the morning. Chicago isn't too much fun to walk around at any time. I tried to analyze what was wrong with my motion. I broke it down to the slightest detail, tried to remember how to put my foot on the rubber, take my sign, go into my pump, and so on, and the next day it worked. I didn't win the game, but I only gave up two hits in five innings. The next game I pitched I went through the same routine, and again I pitched well. It was just like starting all over again. I had to use all my concentration on how to throw the ball properly. I couldn't even begin to think about outsmarting the hitters. Before, I'd always had to concentrate on outsmarting the hitters because I didn't have the stuff to overpower them."

"That's what's wrong with Steve," says Don Osborn, who returned as the Pirates' pitching coach this spring after a year's hiatus. "He has better stuff than most pitchers, but he doesn't believe it."

After the '73 season Blass went to the Florida Winter Instructional League (primarily a post-season training ground for minor league prospects) to see if he could sustain his late-season success. He

pitched creditably twice there under the watchful eyes of Osborn and Murtaugh. The manager told him, "Go on home, Steve. You're back where you used to be." Murtaugh, who considers himself a master psychologist, did not bother to remind Blass that his performances in the FWIL were against minor league batters. The confidence he was trying to foster may have been based on a false premise.

"I needed something positive to get me through the winter," says Blass, "and those games helped. My wife and I spent most of the winter talking about what had gone wrong during the season. We'd seen what happened to some guys who went through years like that. It changed their whole personalities. We were pleased that it hadn't changed me much. But two years in a row like that. I don't know. That might change me. Baseball wouldn't be fun then. I think I'd just quit. But I got through the season without any visible scars. Of course, I wasn't as easygoing as I used to be. It's hard to be a free spirit when you're totally helpless. I used to kid around a lot with the guys, too. But until I start making a contribution to the club again, I don't feel I have the license."

Ever since he arrived in Pittsburgh, Blass has been the resident humorist on a relatively humorless club. During the '73 disasters, when a reporter asked him if he felt he was being punished for his transgressions, Blass replied, "No. If God wanted to punish me for my sins He would have zapped me four years ago."

On the rare occasions when he offends someone—never intentionally—he is quick to make amends. "One year I found an old German World War I helmet," he says. "I used to wear it in the locker room to make the guys laugh. Dick Young [sports columnist for the New York Daily News] got wind of it and wrote a scathing column about me. He said I was mocking a war thousands of American soldiers died fighting in. Gee, I couldn't believe anyone could take it that seriously. Still, out of deference to Dick I got rid of the helmet."

Steve Blass wears glasses, old Hush Puppies and short-sleeved shirts with tiny button-down collars. In a way he resembles Woody Allen. Like Allen he is forever mocking his success and himself, as if secretly he distrusts it all. He can find on himself no basis for it, for having his talent. He is an archetypal Allen character who sees himself as insignifi-

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PITCHER

cant in a world full of significant people ("Jeez, I was watching Tom Seaver throw the other day. What stuff! He amazes me!") Now that his success is deteriorating, Blass gives the impression that he feels he is losing things he had possessed fraudulently. Sooner or later, he had always expected to be exposed.

Before taking the mound to pitch his second batting practice ("He was terrible the first time," says Osborn), Blass said, "I'll find out down here how solid my foundation is." It was a freeing, windy day at the Pirates' complex in Bradenton as he began to throw. He threw to the same batter for 10 minutes. At one point he threw eight straight balls, some in the dirt on the outside corner of the plate, some over his catcher's head and one that hit the batter, a left-hander, in the shoulder. On the mound he fidgeted and sweat-ed and tried to swallow, and then he threw a pitch two feet outside. "He's fighting himself again," said Osborn from behind the batting cage.

When Blass walked off the mound, dejected, Danny Murtagh called over to him, "Attaboy, Steve. You looked pretty good. You were right around the plate. I don't see how you pitchers can throw today, it's so cold." Blass nodded and walked out to left field to shag fly balls.

A week later Steve Blass pitched in his first exhibition game of the spring. In three innings he walked five batters, but two, threw one wild pitch and surrendered four earned runs. Of the 17 batters he faced, 12 reached base. Four outs were recorded on double plays. Catcher Manny Sanguillen threw out one runner trying to steal, and another runner was cut down at the plate on a wild pitch that Blass had fired over Sanguillen's head. In his second outing of the spring Blass walked 10 batters in four innings. In the sixth inning he walked five batters and in the seventh he gave up a three-run home run. "It's discouraging," he said. His manager was undaunted, however. Murtagh told reporters, "I'm afraid the writers will put too much emphasis on how Blass does. There is nothing crucial about Blass' pitching at this time. . . . I wouldn't want it written that it was a major setback for Blass."

All in all, during spring training Blass pitched 20 innings. He gave up 17 hits and 22 runs. He walked 33 batters, hit 10 and threw seven wild pitches. The road ahead would not be easy.

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Residents of Boston, a city famous not only for beans, cod and scrod but for the fact that it voted for George McGovern in 1972, may get a considerable ethnic shock next week. Somewhere in the pack of 1,400-odd participants in the 78th annual Boston Marathon, maybe not too far from the front of it, will be a gaggle of boys and girls, aged nine to 15, and two adults, all wearing shirts brazenly emblazoned The Hunky Bunch.

The *Dictionary of American Slang* defines "hunky" as "derogatory. A Central European, especially . . . immigrant laborer; specifically a Hungarian, Slav, Pole or Lithuanian; a bohunk." But cool it there, Boston. These are not oppressed Europeans fleeing the steel mills of Gary or the coal pits of Appalachia; these junkies are from Honolulu, where the ethnic slur—except when it is directed at Hawaiians—falls soft as tropic mist over a rainbow of minorities. Where else would a leading Chinese restaurant invent and flaunt a dish called Chinaman's Hat? Where else could a rising immigrant Italian name his restaurant The Golden Guinea?

The Honolulu Henkes are about as Slavic as crisp won ton, and just as good. They are Dr. and Mrs. Hing Hua Chun and their six children—Jerry, May Lynne, Hinky, June, Joy and Daven—and they are all members of the Mid-Pacific Road Runners Club. They are competing in the marathon at the invitation of the American Medical Joggers Association, the only separate group the Boston Athletic Association tolerates in the race. None of the Chuns could qualify as official entrants under the stern rules

Hawaiian eyes on Boston

Take one doctor, one nurse and their six children. Mix well with the joys of running. Result? Something bright and new for an old marathon

enforced by the BAA (age: 19 or over; qualifying time: 3:30:01).

They call themselves The Hunky Bunch because long ago Dr. Chun's Honolulu schoolmates gave up on Hing Hua and nicknamed him Hunky. The name stuck. Although Dr. Chun is a distinguished internist and cardiologist, chief of medicine at St. Francis Hospital and an associate professor at the University of Hawaii, his license plates carry the name Hunky and his telephone book listing is "Chun, Dr. H.H. Hunky."

The Chuns may not be the country's first family, but they probably are its fastest. If it were not for the Boston age limitations, four of the kids could be official competitors. In the AAU-sanctioned Rim of the Pacific marathon last December in Honolulu, the first marathon any of them had ever run, Jerry, then 14, finished in 3:09:20. Hinky, 13, was next at 3:13:39, followed by Daven, 9, whose 3:19:01 beat the world age-group record by about nine minutes. June, 14, crossed the line in 3:25:31, just 40 seconds over Doreen Asumma's U.S. women's age record. The other Chuns did not make the 3:30:00 qualifying limit, but they did well enough—May Lynne, 15, finished in 3:43:09, and Joy, 13, in 3:46:51. Dr.

Chun, then 41, followed with 3:48:23. Mrs. Chun, 45, did not run in that race.

Before someone asks how one family can have so many 13- and 14-year-olds, it should be noted that both Hunky and his wife Connie were married before. The boys are all Hunky's, and are an even mix of Chinese and Japanese. The girls, like their mother, are pure Filipina. Although Connie did not enter the Honolulu marathon, she is ready for Boston.

"How many 45-year-old women ever run at Boston?" she asked last week.

"The book doesn't show any," her husband replied.

"Good," Connie said. "I set age-group record."

Hunky, a third-generation native of Hawaii, speaks faultless English, but Connie's speech is exotically flavored by her native Philippines. Visayan was her first language (she also speaks Tagalog and Ilocano).

The improbable meld that created The Hunky Bunch began in 1970 when Connie vacationed in Honolulu. She had been recently divorced and was living in San Francisco with her three daughters, none of whom had ever run a block. Hunky, also divorced, had become interested in preventive heart-attack therapy

continued



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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

when he set up the St. Francis coronary-care unit in 1968, and—influenced by the Air Force aerobics program—was in the process of switching from tennis to jogging. He had just enlisted 11-year-old Jerry as a fellow jogger when he met Connie, but their respective broods were not introduced until the wedding.

"I didn't know what I was getting into," Connie said last week in mock outrage as she presided over a "training table" family dinner of Chinese and Filipino gourmet delights. She and the rest of the gang had just run 18 miles. "When he start all this running stuff, I got so mad. But pretty soon kids all gonna run, so I decided join 'em."

Hunky said, "With some of us running, the rest couldn't fight it." June said, semi-notto vice, "Yeah, we couldn't fight it, all right," but she was smiling when she said it. May Lynne grinned, with good cause. "May Lynne was a little buttershab! when we got married," Hunky said. Now May Lynne not only is pretty but weights in at a lissome 110 pounds.

Jerry, the first Chun to run competitively, began in 1970, and to list all the age-group and exact-age records the family has broken since would fill this page. Suffice that Daven, the 9-year-old superstar, holds 10 world marks for ages eight and nine in distances ranging from two miles to the marathon, and that the Chun collection of Hawaiian, U.S. and world records totals 60. The living room of their sprawling, one-story house is festooned wall to wall with ribbons, and it is hard to find a table or shelf that is not burdened by trophies.

The athletic clutter extends to the large, screened lanai behind the living, dining and kitchen quarters. The lanai not only has a full set of barbells and a punching bag, but it also houses 13-year-old Hinky's hobbies (Hinky's real name is Hingston, a Chinese way of saying "junior"). These include a large rabbit and two chickens. There used to be four, but since two is the legal limit, one was put in the pot and another given away. Still around are one hen and a large, gaudily feathered rooster with powerful spurs. "We don't fight him," Hinky says. "Just keep him for stud." Cockfighting is illegal in Hawaii; cockbreeding is not. The rabbit and chickens are neatly penned, and in the adjoining yard are three dogs—a black Labrador, a German shepherd and a poi dog of unknown ancestry. Joy and Jerry share a somewhat

different hobby—they are "dealers," but not in the commodities most often associated with that word. What they push at their respective schools is Gookunaid, the body-fluid replenishing agent known officially as E.R.G.

The Hunky Bunch would send a horse player to a saloon in despair: the family is a triumph of conditioning over bloodlines and conformation. The 6'1" Hunky played no sports at all in high school, at the University of Hawaii or at Northwestern, where he got his medical training. He did not even take up tennis until he became a 190-pound intern in Philadelphia. Connie, born on the island of Panay, was a visiting nurse flying from island to island in the Philippines. When she was 28 she won a Fulbright Scholarship in nursing and chose Loma Linda University in California. She went on to earn a master's degree at the University of Hawaii and now, at 45, is planning to study law. Tiny (5'2" and 104 pounds) and full of exuberance, she is as sharp but agreeable contrast to her articulate but controlled husband, whose weight has dropped to 155. As far as Hunky knows, he is of pure Cantonese extraction, but one suspects—in view of his height, his aquiline nose and high, American Indian cheekbones—that there are some Manchus or Mongolians on the ancestral tree. Curiously, the kids not only relate well to each other but actually look related. They have been taught to cultivate their minds as well as their bodies, and every one of them is on the school honor roll except Daven, whose school does not have one. He was, however, president of his fourth-grade class.

When the young Hunkies began to be publicized in the Honolulu papers, they had a little peer group trouble with kids who neither studied nor ran. One disgruntled acquaintance asked June, "How come you goodie-goodies get all that publicity?" June replied with unflinching dignity, "I guess because we're just special." One thing that makes The Hunky Bunch special is their gung-ho morale and devotion to one another.

"The running was good when we first got married," Connie said. "Kids didn't have energy enough left to fight." They seldom fight now, and when an argument does come up it is settled after dinner at "a jury trial."

"Everybody speak up and say what they think," Connie said. "Then whole family decide who's right."

continued



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This family-style democracy extends throughout the relationship. Connie and Hunky split the cooking. "I do the fancy Chinese dishes," he said. "Connie has some Filipino specialties but she's also the hamburger and pizza cook and she squeezes the juice." The juice is either guava or *Lilikoi* (passion fruit), a staple at the Chun table. Hunky likes a beer or two and an occasional cocktail, but Connie does not touch alcohol. "One little sip makes my ears turn red," she said. The kids have rotating two-week assignments, always in brother-sister pairs. One time it will be kitchen cleanup, another table-setting, another housework. There is also daily prayer. Connie and her daughters are Seventh Day Adventists, which is a problem because so many track meets are held on Saturday.

Before "togetherness" became such a tired word the Chuns could have been designated a prime example of family unity. "It's a cliché," Hunky mused the other night, "but I guess you could say these are the best years of our lives." Connie nodded enthusiastic agreement, and so did the kids. The Chuns might also be damned in some circles as overachievers, particularly by underachievers, but neither Hunky nor Connie resembles skate parents who drive their youngsters to world championships. "I hope the kids will run competitively as long as they enjoy it," Hunky said, "but track isn't a career sport. Running has helped us build a lasting base of endurance in case we need it, but scholarship will provide a choice of careers. Even if the kids abandon running, the expanded cardiovascular system we've implanted can be reactivated quickly if they should wish to resume in later life."

Meanwhile, the immediate concern of all the Chuns is the Boston Marathon. One evening when Hunky, tired by a long siege at the hospital, proposed a holiday from running, he was shouted down. The kids and Connie set off without him for their regular, two-hour evening ramble across the flats of Keesha Lagoon Park and up and down the hills of the famous Tantalus Drive. The Chuns have heard a lot of horror stories about Boston's Heartbreak Hill, the three-stage rue late in the race that destroys many a Boston contestant's hopes. Is The Hunky Bunch worried about Heartbreak Hill? Daven, a shy child who does not talk much around adults, spoke for the family.

"No," he said.

END

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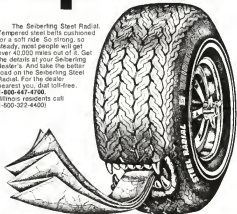


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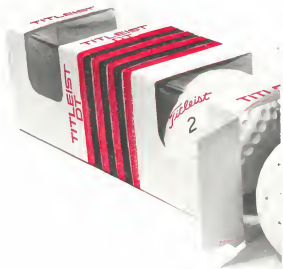
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The Super Eight celebrated their first birthday party with superb play, minuscule crowds and much concern for what the future might hold

Through a glass, darkly

Following the lead of track and tennis in these trendy times, handball is the latest sport to come out of the closet and go pro. Last week the pro handball tour concluded its first year of play in Aurora, Ill., and the tournament held at the YMCA sort of summed up what has happened so far: superb play, giddling box office.

Handball, of course, has been kicking around the insides of sweaty little windowless rooms for years to the attention of no one save those hardy souls who like their torture cloistered. To a man—and with some justification—handball players will tell you that their sport calls for more body control and ambidexterity and quicker reflexes than any other athletic endeavor. Nothing outrages them more than to see an overweight golfer tap in a two-foot putt for 50 grand and the acclaim of the crowd.

Handball owes what following it has to one man, Bob Kendler of Chicago, a 69-year-old millionaire home builder and

longtime friend of Avery Brundage. Perhaps because of his friendship with Brundage, Kendler was long a foe of professionalism, even to the point of damming a pro tour proposed four years ago by Paul Haber, handball's answer to Joe Namath. But last year, for reasons which few seem able to explain, Kendler changed his mind and gathered unto his Lake Forest mansion the best players in the country to launch the National Handball Club, Inc.

The NHC has a total of 17 players, the top-ranked "Super Eight" and nine taxi-squad substitutes. Members of the Super Eight, who are still eligible to compete for trophies or whatever in amateur events, travel the country holding tournaments in glass-walled courts where the surrounding crowds look like voyeurs in convention. The court gaps at Aurora could be excused, however, enthralled as they were by howitzer serves, explosive caroms and lethal kill shots that made some local handballers con-

SUBSTITUTE Dennis Hofflander (center) had fit the difficulty handling tour leader Fred Lewis

sider a very quick return to five-mans.

This is not to say that the Aurora tournament ran smoothly before Dennis Hofflander, a 27-year-old apprentice electrician from nearby Chicago, won first-place money of \$900 by beating Fred Lewis of Cleveland 21-12, 21-13. Ironically, the tournament took several amateur turns which need straightening out if the pro game is ever to become an entry on *Wide World of Sports*.

One example. The Super Eight determine who plays whom by drawing names from a hat. Eminently fair but potentially bad show biz and not even very good sport. Imagine Forest Hills with Newcombe and Smith meeting in the opening round. Given bad luck in the draw that is exactly what happened in Aurora. Lewis, the No. 1 money-winner, drew Paul Haber, No. 2. Defeat this early for either man could hurt any handball tournament. And it did when Haber lost 21-19, 21-7 and was relegated to the loser's bracket.

Haber is the draw in handball. With a training regimen that consists primarily of cigarettes, booze and the wee, small hours, he has long been an outrage to image-conscious handball minds, not the least for having won five national titles, probably in various degrees of hangover. Now 37, Haber is almost ready to admit that others in the game are catching up to his self-acclaimed excellence. In Aurora, Haber nursed an elbow injury he sustained in the national amateur tournament at Knoxville two weeks earlier.¹ It is highly possible he aggravated it during three nights at the Hilton Inn bar, but even before he took the court he discounted any prospect for success.

"I won't win a match here," he said. "I'm used to playing about 15 games a day, and for the last couple weeks I haven't played any. I fell on the floor in Knoxville and cut my elbow right down to the joint. It's been infected and draining since. Now I can't extend my right arm the way I have to on returns and I can't hit the ball hard. When I'm right none of these guys can touch me."

True to his forecast, Haber suffered on Friday the ironic humiliation of losing his next match 21-11, 21-7 to Billy Yarnbrink, a 32-year-old religious literature salesman from St. Paul, before he

continued

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The tournament was even more trying for Lewis, a shy Jewish lad whose philosophical bent would befit a Talmudic scholar. "We wear a lot of masks in our society to keep people from seeing what we really are," he said, "but it's hard to hide your true personality on a handball court. That's where it's all out in the open, and you see what a guy is really like. That's one reason why I like this game so much."

Before the tournament began, Lewis said he planned to catch a 5 p.m. flight Saturday from Chicago to Miami to celebrate Passover with his family, and thus would not play the championship game scheduled for 7:30, even if he had to forfeit.

NHC officials had informed the Christians among the Super Eight that the tournament would not be extended into Palm Sunday, but they took no action on Lewis' behalf until the last minute when, to the anger of anyone who had bought a \$6.50 ticket ahead of time, the title match was switched to one p.m.

To qualify for the final, Lewis survived a laborious and punishing encounter with Lou Russo, a New York financial consultant who, both in stature and personality, comes on like one of Donald Duck's nephews. Nicknamed "Snow White's Favorite" by Haber, Russo makes up for his 5' 5" height with a wicked assortment of either-hand shots and often quickens the tempo by "flying the ball"—returning it out of the air rather than off a bounce. Beaten 21-14 in the first game, Russo showed how tough a competitor he can be by routing Lewis 21-1 in the second. Lewis rallied to salvage the match with a gritty 21-12 third-game victory.

Hofflander had more luck advancing toward Saturday's showdown, starting with his opener against Dr. Steve August, a 29-year-old ophthalmology resident from UCLA who came dangerously close to qualifying as the patient for some other eye doctor. Hofflander adjusted to August's vicious serve, the most powerful of any on the tour, for a 21-18 win and led 11-9 in the second game when the doc-

tor dived after a low return shot at the right wall. He missed, and his head crashed into the unyielding glass at full speed with a sickening thud. The collision nearly rendered August unconscious, and in minutes he had an ugly blue knot as big as a golf ball on the right side of his forehead. He also complained, "My peripheral vision is cut down. I can't see anything out at my left side, and everything's flashing and jumping." August took a 20-minute time-out, but never was in the game thereafter as Hofflander won 21-11.

The only real challenge anyone threw at Hofflander came Friday from Tacoma's Gordon Pfeiffer, a former semipro baseball player and the NHC player representative pictured above the following word sentence in the official tournament program: "Gordie finds himself champion at the big, pro wise because he's 35 and anxious to 'make the hay' while the flesh is willing." Whatever that means, Pfeiffer has heart to rival Pete Rose. Down 18-10 in the third game, Pfeiffer battled back to tie Hofflander at 19-all

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and would be scrapping yet had not an ace ended his hopes at 21-19.

Even for those grooving over a Chicago boy making good, Hofflander's quick disposition of Lewis for the championship was an anticlimactic contest devoid of suspense. The entire match was over in 75 minutes and gave Hofflander some vindication for Knoxville, where Lewis beat him for the national title.

Interestingly, Hofflander's triumph came in his first pro tournament, subbing as he was for the injured Dave Graybill. With a two-year NHC contract, however, he is likely to be one of the Super Eight whenever or wherever the next tournament takes place in the second year of the tour. Cleveland, Spokane and San Diego loom as likely spots, but the real test will come in the national pro tournament scheduled for next April in Las Vegas.

"For Vegas they're talking about a \$25,000 first prize, and that's about as big as any there is in any sport," Haber says. "When the money gets big, I don't care what the game is, the public takes

interest. If things stay at the level they are now, I won't say pro handball is dead, but it's got a foot in the grave."

Pro or amateur, the big problem handball has never conquered is the size of its audience, so limited because the flight of the ball, at speeds approaching 125 mph, demands close proximity to be seen. The largest handball facility in the country, at the University of Texas, accommodates a crowd of 1,500. More common are the reception-sized groups that Aurora drew, ranging from 175 to 225. Television would seem to be the answer, but a handball of any color tried fades toward invisibility, especially when the game is played on a glass-walled court. Still, the NHC is optimistic.

"We feel there's a good future," says Executive Secretary Mort Leve. "The top players are all happy. Since they're playing against the best, their play has improved. At the same time they're making some money, getting some recognition and bringing youngsters into the game. Next year we hope to get some sponsors and maybe add

a zero or two to the prize money."

Even without the money, handball will always have devoted adherents like Dr. August, who says, "There's got to be something about this game that makes me bust my butt to play it, then come home and prepare for class lectures to medical students the next day. As far as exercise, I could walk to a tennis court near my home, but there's something unusual about this game. I'm not sure what it is. I've found it unique, and the people who make it up are unique. You usually find they've achieved some other success in something else."

Kendler, who once equated the rising popularity of handball among business and professional men as "a crusade to make America fit to fight and stand off those bearded baboons who have created so much turmoil in our good land," undoubtedly would applaud August's sentiments. Harder to figure is why Kendler came to Aurora only on Friday and left after two matches, odd behavior for a man bankrolling anything.

Maybe Haber wanted a raise.

END

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A new approach to treating drug addiction offers risk sports and teamwork as a useful substitute

High with a little help from a friend

The whole thing, Arthur Wills figured, was going to be one big straight drag. There he was, miles from the city streets, in the middle of the woods on the banks of the cold, churning Stanislaus River, ready to take off on a raft. "No alcohol, no drugs," recalls Wills, a 26-year-old former heroin addict. "I thought it was going to be a complete bore. But then I got on that raft, and all the way down the river I felt light. I was singing, hollering. I was gassing."

Wills, a muscular, handsome man with almond-shaped eyes and a moderate natural hairdo, was looking back on his nine months at Bridge Over Troubled Waters, Inc., a drug addiction treatment center headquartered in an old mansion in Berkeley, Calif. His course was different from most. The Bridge believes that risk

sports—river running, parachuting, skin diving, rock-climbing and skiing—combined with more traditional counseling, tight supervision and education, can wean heroin addicts and other drug abusers away from dependence on chemicals.

In the case of Wills, who came to Bridge after a run-in with the law on a charge of heroin possession, the approach worked. Sports, he says now, did more than help him stay clean. "Better than that, sports provided me with natural highs and challenges to supplant those I had been getting from involvement with heroin."

"I didn't think there would be anything to river running," he continues, talking on the campus of the California State Polytechnic University at Pomona, where he is training to counsel other drug addicts. "But when we finished that run I was eager to get off on more adventures. I had enjoyed the challenge of the river more than that of running the streets looking for a fix. I had never been in the ocean before—or even underwater—so snorkeling became another test. I was frightened, but I dove down. I got involved."

"Maybe parachuting, though, was the greatest experience. My stomach turned in that plane when it was my turn to go out the door. I almost lost control of myself, my bladder. But when I stepped out of that plane, there was the tremendous rush, the fantastic natural high just before the chute opened. And it was beautiful coming down."

Wills stops for a moment. "Now I'm working with some 8-to-13-year-old minority kids in a community center here," he says. "I look them up to Mount Baldy for rock-climbing, some of the things I had never gotten to do before Bridge. I found that I could really relate to them. It was out of sight."

The sports program that intrigued Wills developed almost accidentally. Bridge's founder and executive director, Jack Goldberg, is a stocky man with curly hair, intense eyes and a full black beard. "I was a garbage can for drugs for 10 years," he says. "I was smoking and shooting opium. I was taking LSD. I snorted heroin. But one of the things that kept happening in my life was that I really dug skiing. I really liked horseback riding, too, and it became a conflict for me between taking drugs and doing all of the other things."

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Goldberg gave up drugs. But even after he had also given up what he considered a sterile career in the aerospace electronics industry to work full time with addicts, it did not occur to him to give his wards the same choice of sports or drugs as a source of highs. That others with drug habits might be turned on the way he was occurred to Goldberg only after he had taken some of his heroin addicts parachuting as a publicity stunt. A friend, noting Goldberg's constant search for money to support the fledgling program, had suggested that a dramatic event—say, a parachute jump by some of the addicts—might draw attention and encourage someone, preferably a governmental agency, to offer immediate and long-range financial support.

"Everyone went because it was going to be a lark," Goldberg says. "But it turned out to have fantastic therapeutic value. When they started their jump training, learning about the equipment, about possible malfunctions and what to do about them, when they saw the teamwork and the kind of concern they had to have about each other, you could see attitudes begin to change."

Encouraged by the parachuting expedition, Goldberg decided to take his crew on further adventures. "A lot of the people, the blacks especially, didn't want to go skiing," he recalls. "Or they said they would go, but they would just watch. Or that they would stay in the cabin. In the final analysis the reactions were coming down to, 'I don't want to look foolish. I don't want to be the black spot on the hill.' But once they got out there, they were the ones who didn't want to come in for lunch. They found out that they could learn it, that they could do things they didn't feel they had the confidence to handle, that they had the ability to develop entirely new alternatives for themselves."

"We think that if they do things they never thought possible, like skiing or rock-climbing, it might make it a little easier for them to think in terms of doing other things they never thought they could do, like getting a job or supporting a family."

The early experiences with these outings also convinced Goldberg that the program could have other effects. While risk sports could teach addicts to trust themselves, more importantly, the sports could teach them to trust others.

"Addicts have lived in a subculture

where they can't trust anyone," Goldberg says. "It's pretty hard to learn trust under circumstances in which even a friend would do anything to get his hands on your stuff if he needed it. We have had addicts who would break into tears if they were put even in a simple situation where they had to trust someone else, even a little bit.

"But when we've gone parachuting they have had to learn to believe the jumpmaster. They have got themselves to trust and to jump when he smacked them on the shoulder and told them to go.

"When we go skin diving, we go on a buddy system. That means that you may draw someone you don't like or have faith in, and you are going to have to go out there into a hostile element with a lot of equipment you are not used to—nothing around you but cold water—and the major element in your survival might be that person you don't like, keeping an eye out for you."

At times there have been unexpected bonuses in the sports activities. "We were taught sky diving by Jackie Johnson and Bob Thompson, two experts," Goldberg says. "Bob is a big muscular Joe College type. The residents who first went out with him looked on him as a superhero. He could dive out of a plane, parachute down 6,000 feet and land lightly on his toes, right on target. Yet when he went skin diving with us, he had tremendous problems. He virtually could not get himself to go into the water, and two of these ghetto kids who had gone parachuting with him had to practically lead him into the water, holding his hands. They suddenly saw superhero in another situation, and it drastically changed their image about what weakness is. They saw that no one can be superhero in everything and that it is permissible to be afraid."

Taking Bridge residents on outings was never—and is still not—easy. In the program's early days, when 10 or 15 addicts were crammed into a tiny apartment, there often was not enough money for food, let alone to go skiing and skin diving. Often Goldberg found himself with less than \$30 to feed 20 people for a week. At one point finances were so precarious that four of his charges—experienced, to put it delicately, in the means of raising money for their own needs—suggested (unsuccessfully) that they be released from Bridge for five days. It would be a sufficient amount of time,

they said, for them to raise \$10,000 to sustain the program.

Today Bridge employs half a dozen staff members and can accommodate about 50 addicts. The program is kept afloat by funds from the National Institute of Drug Abuse, funneled through the state's Department of Health. But these funds are strictly designated for the program's more conventional activities—the sports are frills to austerity-minded bureaucrats—and skiing, parachuting or rock-climbing expeditions still depend on the generosity of professional and amateur sportsmen who volunteer time to teach necessary skills or on the staff's ability to convince scuba and parachuting schools and ski resorts to provide facilities and equipment free of charge.

Still, because the sports activities have so many good effects and because residents obviously enjoy them immensely, the Bridge staff is determined to go on with the program.

A typical fervent endorsement comes from a middle-aged woman, an addict for 10 years, who had sought Bridge help to get herself straightened out. She says, "I'll run it down to you. The sports won't do it alone, but we need to fill our lives with something else, we need to enjoy other things. My kids think I'm crazy doing all this. They say, 'Ma, you're crazy. We always knew you were a daredevil, but Ma, you're crazy.'"

From another resident who prefers not to be identified: "I was jittery and tense the first time out, maybe because I never really had gotten involved with people. I'd always feel unequal to them. But on one of these trips you're forced to open yourself to others, and once you have fun with them, you feel stupid about having felt the way you did."

"I don't know how many of the residents will become skin divers or scuba divers forever," says Barry Barkan, a Bridge consultant. "But that isn't the thing. People pontificate a lot about why you shouldn't take dope. But dope makes you feel good, and unless you give drug addicts an alternative, it's all a lot of talk. For them there is no feeling good without dope. It is a meaningless abstraction. We make the abstraction real. We are saying to them, 'Hey, come do this with us. Get away from the whoring and the pimping and the buying of dope, come with us and feel good, come and get a high on the natch.'"

END

Crew-cut and square, Earl Anthony keeps to himself on tour and kept his cool to win the rich Firestone



Flattop sails on his own

Flattop, Ruags, Buckwheat, the Martian and the Sundance Kid were part of the 52-man mob that rode into Fairlawn, Ohio last week looking like so many oldtime thugs. They wore maroon suits, white suits and even suits of blue and green crushed velvet. Mobsters? Naw, just bowlers competing in the \$129,500 Firestone Tournament of Champions, the most lucrative event in the history of the Professional Bowlers Association.

The gangsterish garb is the newest fad on the PBA tour. For some curious reason, bowlers have always been weird dressers. Back in the late '50s, when the PBA began, bib overalls, grease-rack dungarees and T shirts were standard. A bowler who brought an extra T shirt to a tournament was thought to have overpacked.

Nowadays the PBA has what is called, no kidding, the Image Committee, and it has a rule: "Neat, well-appearing attire should be worn both on the lanes and off; bowling outfits should be neat, clean and pressed, as well as coordinated." Boy, are they ever coordinated. Many competitors in the Firestone had bowling balls that matched the garish colors of the outfits they wore.

Alas, the bowler most responsible for starting the latest trend was not at the Firestone. He is Chuck (Bugs) Moran,

who when fitted out in an ankle-length overcoat, brim-down fedora and cannon-sized cigar looks like Al Capone.

Bugs was absent because he has not won a PBA championship. Even being a titlist does not ensure a spot in the 52-man Firestone field, however. A complex point system is also involved. One big winner in recent years, Bill Allen, made it to the Firestone only as an alternate. Not the sort to take out a contract on a fellow bowler, he just hoped someone would come up ailing. Besides the shot at first-place prize money of \$25,000, every Firestone contestant is guaranteed a minimum of \$1,000. Allen got his when Butch (Count Dracula) Gearhart went to bed on Wednesday with what appeared to be food poisoning.

As the tournament progressed, many outstanding bowlers were eliminated, among them Wayne (Z-man) Zahn, Johnny (Gunner) Guenther and Jim (Tarzan) Godman, the only two-time winner of the Firestone. Only five made it to the finals on Saturday. Why five? Because five bowlers fit so snugly into 90 minutes of TV. Five men play four matches and the bowler unbeaten is the winner.

Larry (the Sundance Kid) Laub of Santa Rosa, Calif. was the fifth and last finalist. Laub grew up in San Francisco where he was, as he phrases it, "a real

punk. I hung around with gangs, got into fights every day and almost got expelled from school. When I was 10 or 11 I felt so guilty about doing the wrong things that I couldn't sleep. So I went into a shell and became super-shy. When I first came on tour I was so shy I was afraid to bowl in public. But once I got over that I started bowling well."

This year Laub has bowled so well that he qualified for the finals of seven of the previous 12 tournaments. He won three of them and earned the February Hickok professional athlete award.

The first match of the finals pitted Laub against Curt Schmidt, who qualified for fourth place. Schmidt is nicknamed the Martian because he, well, looks like a Martian. Although the 5'6", 140-pound Schmidt does not appear athletic, his career has been dotted with sporting achievements—and misfortunes. He won the Indiana Class C horseshoe pitching title a few years ago, but his days as a baseball pitcher ended when he caught his fingers in a car door. Schmidt once won the table tennis championship of Allen County, Ind., a title he was unable to defend the next year because of measles. For the past two years his right arm has bothered him while bowling. "I hurt it playing golf," Schmidt said. "What happened was I hit a bad tee shot, got mad, threw down another ball, swung and hit the ground. My arm's hurt ever since."

Laub started off well in his match with Schmidt, but the latter got seven strikes in a row to win 259-244. Laub was elim-

Continued

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inated, and Schmidt went up the ladder against the No. 3 man, Earl (Flattop) Anthony, a realtor from Tacoma who sports one of the rarest items on the tour: a crew cut. Anthony himself is a rare sort. He doesn't go in for mod clothing, he doesn't mix in card games on the road. He is a quiet family man who can't wait to get home. But like Lash, Anthony was a rambunctious youngster. "I got into fights every day and once some of us broke all the windows in the school," he said. Last year he won two PBA events and \$45,812 and he was the state of Washington athlete of the year.

In the Anthony-Schmidt match, turn-about was fair play. This time Anthony got seven strikes in a row to win 248-200. Anthony now had to play king of the mountain with the No. 2 man, Roy (Buckwheat) Buckley, 30, of Columbus, Ohio. At 5'10" and 135 pounds, Buckley would seem to be an excellent candidate for a clothespin endorsement. Frail though he may be, he is a consistently high finisher and scrappy competitor.

Anthony, who is renowned among bowlers for his composure, kept his cool during the match with Buckley. Before Anthony rolled in the seventh frame there was a pause for a TV commercial. He went to a cooler for a cup of water and then, noticing a friend's fiancée in the bleachers signaling thirst, filled a cup, leaned over the wall behind the lanes and handed it to her. He was equally calm in picking up two strikes, three spares and a 215-213 win.

That set up the title match between Anthony and No. 1 qualifier Johnny (Rags) Petraglia, winner of the Firestone in 1971, the year he set the PBA record with total winnings of \$85,065. It was also the year he became convinced his mother was right when she told him there was good luck in the color red. "Nine times I was on the TV finals in '71," Petraglia said. "Four times I used a red towel and each time I won. Five times I used other colors, and each time I lost." At the Firestone he took no chances. He had a red towel and a burgundy ball.

Prior to the Firestone, Petraglia had

gone home for intensive training. In seven days he bowled 200 games, and at the Firestone earned the No. 1 spot in the finals by averaging better than 221 for 48 games.

The Petraglia-Anthony championship game went back and forth. In the third frame Petraglia suffered a horrendous 4-6 split, but then he came up with strikes in the fourth, fifth, eighth and ninth frames, and joyously pounded a fist into his hand.

Anthony coolly closed out with four strikes and two spares, getting strikes after racking the pins on the left lane because he felt the automatic pinsetter had set them out of line in the sixth and eighth frames. He finished with a 216 and it was all up to Petraglia in the 10th frame. Petraglia was carrying two strikes and needed another on this try to win. Red power and good luck failed him. His shot left the 2-pin standing. Petraglia lost with 213 for second-place money of \$14,000. Still, he and the others at the Firestone showed they are one gang that can shoot straight.

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Rapids Round the Bend

A non-canoeing journalist blithely joins a group of adventurous Texas scientists on a wild, wet trip through the desolate canyons of the Rio Grande's Big Bend

by EDWIN SHRAKE

I am having a hard time reading this notebook because it got very wet, but I can remember that it was about a year ago when Don Kennard asked if I would like to paddle a canoe 90-odd miles down the Rio Grande through what he promised would be spectacular canyons. He asked it one sultry midnight at a party in Austin, Texas. At that hour almost anything sounds like a wonderful idea, and I have promised to do a lot of things then that I never got around to. A little twang inside my head told me Kennard wouldn't forget about this in the morning, but I kept listening anyhow.

"We're going to see, feel, taste and record that section of the river," he said, flushed with what I assume was enthusiasm. "We'll be the first working scientific expedition to go through there since the Hill Expedition in 1899. There are thousands of prehistoric Indian sites no scientist has ever looked at, and Lord knows how many rare plants to be found, and the geology is fantastic. Besides that, there are some pretty good rapids to run, and some good old boys to sit around the fire with, and at night the stars are right in your face."

Kennard is a robust, speckle-bearded fellow in his ear-

continued





ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT

by 40s who played football at North Texas State University and was for 20 years a member of the Texas legislature, where he set a senate filibuster record of 29 hours, 22 minutes. To use up the time, he proposed a Texas Hall of Heroes and discussed 460 candidates for membership before two senators finally surrendered the votes he wanted. Now Kennard was with the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs, working on a wilderness preservation project.

"We're going to explore the area in more than a cursory way," Kennard said. "It'll be a trip you'll never forget, you can count on that. How much do you know about canoeing?"

"You paddle on one side and then the other."

"Sure. It's easy. You'll catch on. When you turn over, what the hell, everybody does."

"Everybody turns over?"

"Sooner or later everybody tumbles over. Nothing to worry about if you don't get caught under the canoe against a rock, or hurt yourself too bad. What do you say? Got the sporting blood?"

"Sounds like a wonderful idea to me."

Kennard didn't forget. He phoned and brought over a couple of U.S. Marine surplus waterproof packs. "Here's how this thing started," he said, while I was wondering what to put into the packs besides my knife and sleeping bag. "The Parks and Wildlife Commission, the General Land Office and the Texas Historical Survey Commission asked the LBJ to conduct a survey of areas of Texas that should be preserved. So we're beginning to look at 14 natural and rare sites and write them up from the standpoints of botany, archaeology, zoology and geology. Graduate students from all over the state will follow up and do a more thorough job on what we begin."

"In the next five or 10 years we hope to cover 150 sites that should be protected as parks or wilderness areas. But this is the first one. We've got some strong people on this trip—Stephen Spurr, the president of the University of Texas, Bob Armstrong, the Land Commissioner, Jenkins Garrett, a member of the Board of Regents, Clifton Caldwell, the chairman of the Texas Historical Commission. They'll be in a position to draw attention to what we're doing. Of course, we'll have a little pure fun in the Peggy Eaton Appreciation Society style."

For many years Kennard and a group

of lawyers, politicians and other Texans have gathered to ride horseback through the mountains, float rivers and generally step around on nature. Once they climbed Sentinel Peak, the highest mountain in northern Mexico. Sitting up there, they decided to form a society. They named it after Peggy Eaton, who ran a boardinghouse with her mother in Washington, D.C. during the Andrew Jackson Administration. Peggy Eaton was married to an officer who spent too much time overseas. She took to messing around with a Cabinet member, and there was a scandal. But Andrew Jackson kept inviting her to dinner anyhow. "She was a free spirit, and we admire that," said Kennard. The slogan of their society is: A Friend of Andrew Jackson's Is a Friend of Mine.

Society members like to go places by all sorts of conveyances. A couple of years ago a number of Peggy Eatoners and several members of a group called the Gosh Almighty Fellas chose to ride their motorcycles to Mexico City. An El Paso lawyer, Jesus Ochoa, who had never been on a motorcycle before, had somebody show him how to shift gears and twist the throttle, and he made it all the way to San Luis Potosi before he and the famous criminal lawyer Warren Burnett both wrecked at the big traffic circle and broke several bones.

About that same time Kennard was taking a trip on a buscar. He and a few others, including his teen-age daughter Karen, hopped a Texas & Pacific freight from Fort Worth to El Paso. Kennard fell off and caught the moving train time cars back. At the first stop, a few miles outside Fort Worth, Kennard ran up to join the others. The train started up suddenly. Kennard grabbed a ladder and fell again, this time into a bar ditch, where he lay with torn clothes and bleeding knees watching the train depart for West Texas. He took a taxi home. The phone rang. At gunpoint the cops had rousted Karen and the others off the train in Weatherford, 30 miles away. Kennard drove out and brought them back to Fort Worth. But two members of the group returned to the railroad, caught the 11 p.m. freight to El Paso, rode another freight back to San Antonio and flew home from there—a performance in the Peggy Eaton tradition.

I drove to the home of Anders Saustrup, field director of the Rare Plants Study Center of the University of Texas,

and threw my two waterproof packs into the back of a pickup truck hitched to a trailer hauling six aluminum canoes. "See you on the river," Kennard said. He and Geologist Dwight Deal and graduate student Carl Tenert got into the truck for the all-night drive down to Black Gap at the edge of the Big Bend. I was to fly down next day with Bob Armstrong in his Beechcraft Bonanza. The weather was clear and warm. A lovely Texas spring.

The trip [from Black Gap through the canyons] could be disastrous if someone broke a leg. There would be no way to get an injured person out other than to float out over a period of several days. It would be extremely difficult to float an injured person out in a canoe without capsizing several times. The discomfort of being thrown into the rapids with a crudely splinted broken leg can hardly be described. For this reason, my strict instructions to members of the expedition before leaving are don't break no legs.

—Bill Kagle, member of the Texas Explorers Club and a Peggy Eaton founder.

EMERGENCY EXIT FROM THE CANYONS: The Border Patrol flies these canyons every few days, and you could possibly signal them with a mirror.

—Bob Burleson, member of the Parks and Wildlife Commission

"I hear Anders has refused to let women go on this trip," said the hostess at a dinner party. "You know why? Macho stuff, that's why. He doesn't want to be sitting at the Scholz Garten drinking beer and bragging and suddenly hear some girlish voice pipe up, 'Oh, I did that trip last Easter, isn't it fun?'"

"Well, I saw some of the canoes today," I said.

"How'd they look?"

"They had a lot of dents."

The lovely Texas spring suddenly turned nasty. It began raining before dawn. At noon Bob Armstrong called. "How's your courage quotient?" he said.

"I'll just let it ride along with yours."

"I don't mind this rain," Armstrong said. "Flying on instruments is fine. But there's a few thunderstorms between here

and Pecos. It probably won't be too bad. It just won't be good, is all."

The General Land Office in Texas controls 22 million acres of land and mineral resources, an area larger than Maine and only slightly smaller than Indiana. Armstrong, who is about 40, was elected Land Commissioner in 1970. He rides a motorcycle to the office, skis, backpacks into the mountains, plays the guitar, raises cattle, is a good photographer and a good canoeist. His wife Shannon used to teach canoeing someplace. The words that would have told me where she taught are a blue muddle now in my notebook.

A young woman from the Land Office picked me up in her car. "Last year they took 20 canoes down that part of the river you're going on," she said cheerfully. "Only three or four didn't turn over. I think Kennard turned over twice."

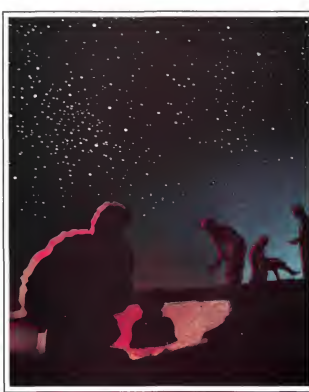
We stopped at a big white wooden house on a street with many trees. Dr. Spurr came to the door and looked out at the rain. "Some of these guys may not be very well organized, but we'll bungle through and have a good time," Spurr said. "I've canoeed about all the canoeable rivers in Michigan and Minnesota. Been on a lot of float trips around the country. But I can't say I'm an expert whitewater canoeist. It's by guess and by God with me. How about you?"

"I can't remember whether I've ever actually been in a canoe before."

"Oh. Well. You're in for an interesting time, aren't you?"

Spurr is a forester with a Ph.D. from Yale. He taught and did field research for 19 years at the University of Michigan. Later he became a compromise dean at Michigan following a campus political struggle. He was hired by Texas in the midst of another political fight which at the time of our trip was nowhere near over. Spurr picked up a small bag, put on a straw farmer's hat and kissed his wife. "If they fire me here," he said, "we can go back to the woods and be just as happy."

The 2½-hour flight to a landing strip on a ranch outside the town of Marathon wasn't bad, considering it rained most of the way and the plane ciled up. Clifton Caldwell met us at the airstrip with his truck. He is president of the committee that puts up historical plaques and attempts to protect old buildings. Caldwell is a West Point graduate who flies his own



plane and owns some ranches. One is 7,000 acres out in the Big Bend, which Caldwell says is not enough land to make a living on in that kind of country. The main ranch is outside of Albany, Texas, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. "My nearest neighbor is 11 miles," Caldwell said, "and it's 35 miles from my house to a bottle of beer."

The truck sped along a highway cut through greasewood and cactus. The mountains turned gold and purple in the dusk, and, beyond, higher mountains rose across the river in Mexico. Caldwell told about driving into this area looking

for a place called Stillwell Crossing. "At the river we ran into a snaggletoothed old man and asked if we were at Stillwell Crossing. The old man said if we had an airplane we could just fly right over that mountain and be there in no time. If we didn't have an airplane, go 75 miles back down the road and turn left. The old man thought that was really funny."

We entered Black Gap and descended on a rough road toward the river at Maravillas Canyon. "This is about as remote a place as you can find in Texas," Spurr said. Up ahead we saw a campfire. We could hear the river. The first

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it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

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Big Bend

continued

rapids of the trip was 50 yards away.

Most of the others were standing around the fire. They were playing guitars and harmonicas, singing, talking, drinking whiskey. But always we could hear the river like a wind blowing.

"You done much canoeing?" Caldwell asked me.

"None."

Caldwell nodded. What I didn't know at the time was that he had read a Sierra Club report on the trip we were about to undertake. It dwelt on difficulties and dangers of the river, warned that under no circumstances should the trip be attempted by a lone canoe, and said no one should paddle that stretch of the Rio Grande who was not an expert canoeist in excellent physical condition.

If I had seen that report, there might not have been any story like this.

The Rio Grande rises at the Continental Divide in southern Colorado and flows 1,800 miles into the Gulf of Mexico. It goes south down the center of New Mexico, enters Texas at El Paso and turns southeast to form the border between Texas and Mexico. At the Big Bend the Rio Grande turns and runs north, northeast and east for more than 200 miles before dropping southeast again. Most of our trip would be north and northeast. It seemed to me it was bound to be harder to paddle north than south, but what did I know? I was assured it wouldn't make any difference unless a good north wind came down into our faces.

Long stretches of the river are often dry enough to walk across. Farmers in New Mexico irrigate from the Rio Grande. Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Las Cruces and El Paso, among other cities, take water from it. The Rio Conchos flows from Mexico to replenish the Rio Grande at Presidio, but Mexico has built a dam on the Rio Conchos to irrigate sections of the Chihuahuan Desert. The Mexicans pretty well control the level of the Rio Grande for hundreds of miles through the Big Bend. After the river turns south again, past Langtry, another big dam at Del Rio creates the Amistad Reservoir, an enormous twisty lake that looks like a tideland bay.

Some of the canyons on the river have never been named on official documents. The area we were to go through is usually called Reagan Canyon, or Bullis Canyon, although in fact several canyons enter the river there. The walls are steep

and there is seldom a place to climb out. Where the canyons are less vertical, an occasional smugglers' trail may be seen. There is a steady, illegal business in smuggling the candleilla plant into Texas for the making of high-grade candle wax. Now and then you come across remains of a camp marked by the presence of 50-gallon drums used for boiling down the wax. The occasional goatherder's camp is always empty, although the coals may be warm. Marijuana and peyote no doubt come through there sometimes, but it is difficult country for a smuggler to cross.

Temperatures in the Big Bend go up to 140° in the summer and down below freezing in winter. This was April, and I figured it would be hot all day and cool at night. But the cold look of the rainy morning back in Austin had persuaded me to borrow a long underwear top. God bless it. The first morning at the camp on the river I was huddled behind a truck with a coffee cup shaking in my hands. My sleeping bag lay crumpled in dark wet grass. I was wearing everything I had brought with me. Palms red from the hot cup but fingers blue. We were camped beside a huge midden, a mound of dirt, stones and cooking utensils built up by Indians over centuries. Anders Saustup walked past in a T shirt, suspenders and baggy pants, brushing his teeth.

"What the hell is this with the T shirt?" I said. "Don't you realize it's about to snow?"

"It's not cold. It's very nice weather. Beautiful weather, in fact," said Anders, fog blowing out of his mouth.

Anders was born in Denmark. What business does a Dane have telling a native-born Texan whether it's cold or not? This might have been a pleasant spring morning on the Arctic Circle, but for this time of year in Texas it was cold. I could hear that first rapids rowing. Caldwell came by wearing a yellow rain suit. I asked if he thought it was cold. "The water sure will be," he said.

My first canoe partner was Bill O'Brien, a young, hairy-faced architectural engineer from Fort Worth. He is a son of Davey O'Brien, who was an All-America quarterback at TCU and set passing records for the Philadelphia Eagles 30 years ago. Bill went to the University of Wyoming and likes to climb mountains. He didn't let on if he was worried we might dash into the rocks.

"After the first two rapids you'll know

what to do," said Jenkins Garrett. "Just remember when you run into cane and salt-cedar branches that grow over the river, don't pull away from them and upset the canoe. If you hit something in the water, lean forward, downstream."

In the morning light the air was so clear that mountains across the river in Mexico looked fake. The dry air does tricks with distances. Canyons that appear only 500 feet high will in truth be three times that high. A wall you think you can hit with a rock you might not be able to reach with an arrow.

We put into the river just up from Maravillas Creek, which is 100 miles long, has a bed that would accommodate the Hudson, and is usually dry. Bill and I looked at the narrow, boiling channel of the rapids. "Might as well," he said. We got up a bit of speed, entered the current and whanged into a rock. There was a scraping sound like tin tearing. The current began to swing the canoe broadside to the flow of the river. "Use your paddle like a lever," Bill yelled. I stuck my paddle between the boat and the rock and yanked. We popped loose from the rock, shot down the channel, crashed through some overhanging cane and were past the first rapids. It was not one of the monster rapids of North America, but I will remember it fondly.

The second rapids, we raked bottom rocks. The third, we went too far left and I shoved at a boulder with my hands as we slid quickly past. It was not a classic move. But anything you need to do to keep a boulder from knocking you into the water has to be acceptable.

By now it was warm enough to peel off my windbreaker, wool shirt and long underwear top. The water moved us along with easy paddling. The land, called Outlaw Flats, was fairly level for a while before it climbed toward the mountains. Up ahead in Mexico was a sheer, flat-topped butte that shone red in the morning sun; it is known as El Capitan and is supposed to hold a clue to a lost mine.

Several little girls and a woman were fishing on the Texas bank. Were they, too, intrepid explorers? A man and his son had pulled their outboard onto a gravel bar a mile farther on. "You turn over yet?" the man yelled in greeting.

During the day we stopped and climbed a rocky slope. Curtis Tunnell, the state archaeologist, pointed out broken Indian tools on a large midden.

continued



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*ARI Directory of Certified Unitary Air Conditioners, Jan. 1-June 30, 1974

Big Bend continued

Round mortar holes had been dug into the rock for the grinding of grain. Flints lay on prehistoric scraping sites. Boulders floated above the river. Marshall Johnston, a University of Texas botanist who had been working for months in the Chihuahuan Desert, which is nearly as large as all of Texas, pulled up a wild tobacco plant with yellow blossoms. Creosote bushes and candlefilia grew all around. Dr. Johnston broke open a plant called leatherwood, or dragonroot, which Indians used as eye medicine. It pours blood when uprooted.

Then we entered the canyons. First the wall rose on the Mexican side, and we hit some rapids. Then the wall of Rengas Canyon soared on the Texas bank. For the next 40 miles we would be in the canyons, and the walls would get higher and closer as we went downstream.

When we landed to make camp, I dragged my two U.S. Marine surplus waterproof packs up the bank onto a grassy bluff and began to unload them. Packing is a tedious chore, done in the cold early morning. The straps make your fingers bleed. Unpacking is a lot better. When you dig toward the cognac bottle and the sleeping bag, you feel you're getting something done.

I spread my air mattress and sleeping bag and looked at the stuff I had brought. Knife, mess kit, spoon, cup, water jug, canteen, three paperback books, two pairs of Levi's, sneakers, windbreaker, two T-shirts, one wool shirt, long underwear, tape recorder, batteries, life jacket, straw hat, towel, two Flair pens, a notebook, three cassettes (including, accidentally, an old tape of Janis Joplin singing in Austin at Kenneth Threadgill's birthday party where a girl got bit by a rattlesnake, and another old tape of Tom Landry talking about God and football).

And food, of course. Kennard and I were splitting rations. We had cans of chili, cans of Salisbury steak, cans of stew, a bag of rice, many boxes of rasins, milk chocolate, vegetable soup cubes, powdered potatoes, onions, Vienna sausages, potted meat and crackers. I looked at that mound of food lying there, patted my sleeping bag and knew a great contentment.

Then I looked around the camp. My God, it was Brazil! Orange and yellow and green and blue nylon tents had sprung up everywhere. Inside the tents were air mattresses and puffily sleeping bags and banks of foam rubber and can-

dle lamps for warmth and light. All over the place little Swiss cooking stoves were burning.

Bill O'Brien was preparing a hot meat-leaf dinner with vegetables. Jenks Garrett and his son Jenkins Jr. were dining on soup, tea, lasagna and banana pudding. Dr. Spurr and Clifton Caldwell had opened a crate packed with dry ice and removed a couple of filet mignons for dinner. Except that he scorned the use of a tent, Dr. Spurr was elaborately equipped for the trip. I asked him at different times for tweezers, a hand lens, suntan lotion, a saw, a can opener, a Brillo pad. He had them all. He even had packets of sugar from the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, 1968 Rose Bowl. The only thing I asked for that he didn't have was a piece of watermelon.

But where had all this stuff come from? How had they crammed it into the canoes? Well, a whole pot of lasagna with plenty of meat fits into an envelope now. The cooking stove folds into nothing much. You can almost stick a new sleeping bag into your coat pocket. A tent doesn't take up as much room as a pillow. But I had not been into a sporting-goods store in a long time, and my old sleeping bag occupied as much space as Alex Karras doubled over.

In the middle of the night the wind struck. Tents clapped and wires whined. The wind itself sounded like rushing water. "The Mexicans have let water out of the Rio Conchos!" someone yelled. But no, it was just a blue norther. It was what a friend of mine would call semimiserable. In fact, it was halfway an ordeal. It was cold to begin with, and the wind wouldn't let up. As we went down the river again, the wind stayed in our faces. We had to dig water to move. I was thinking I wouldn't do this again for \$1,000.

In the afternoon we came to Arroyo San Rocio, the biggest canyon entering the Rio Grande from Mexico. We had passed Asa Jones pumphouse, a cab-stick against the top of a steep cliff, with broken water pipes sticking down toward the river. Bill O'Brien climbed to the top, just as he later scaled a cliff to rescue a baby goat trapped on a ledge. After the pumphouse we heard the rumble of rapids around a sandstone corner. At San Rocio is Big Hot Springs Rapids, named for the hot springs on the Mexican shore.

They say it is not advisable to run Big

Hot Springs. We got out and lined our canoes down through the rocks to a pool between two sections of the rapids. It was hard, wet work, crawling over slippery boulders, dragging canoes and equipment. When the last canoe was in the pool, we were tired and shivering.

"Hey," somebody yelled, "Dwight Deal wants his canoe brought back above the rapids!" Dwight Deal, the geologist, was traveling alone in his own canoe, a red one with a deck that could be sealed like a kayak. Dwight had been up in San Rocio, looking at sandstone ledges, and his canoe had been lined down with the others. But Dwight wanted to run Hot Springs Rapids. The canoe was hauled back up. Dwight attached a line to his torso and asked for a couple of people to be in a canoe in the pool as a safety measure.

"Let him drown," someone muttered from the rocks.

Water broke around the boulder and pounded through the rocks like a storm. Dwight's canoe entered the rapids almost slowly, protruded over a ledge for an instant, moved delicately past the boulder, slipped around a few more rocks and slid into the pool.

It looked so easy that everybody else jumped into canoes and shot the lower rapids and made camp at the hot springs.

I found a place that was sheltered on three sides by thickets and a cliff. Kennard set up his tent to block the wind from the fourth side. We built a large mesquite fire. Down by the river a hot spring opened into a natural rock tub about 15 feet across. We soaked in the spring for a while. I ate dinner we heated, cans of chili, chopped a couple of onions and cooked some rice on the fire and then stirred the mess up in a pan. It was as good as anything I ever tasted.

Dwight Deal sat down by the fire. He was pleased with himself. I asked how come he insisted on running the rapids. "I've studied that rapids over and over, and I knew I could do it," he said. "I saw the trick was not to react too much to the big boulder. The water coming off the boulder will squeeze you past it. If you use too much muscle, you'll flip out broadside and turn over."

"I thought you'd never been on this part of the river before."

"I haven't. The Sierra Club has 8-mm. films of Big Hot Springs Rapids," Dwight said.

For the first time on the trip I used

continued



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Big Bend

continued

enough breath to blow up my air mattress. I wrapped my life jacket in a towel for a pillow. Stuffed with chili, rice and onions, smoothed out by a little bourbon and a cigar, I lay in my bag just outside the firelight, listening to the talk, hearing the river and the wind. The stars were down in my face, all right. Orion, the Pleiades, Arcturus, the North Star, the Big Dipper. Moonlight spread over the canyon wall high up. Whoever said this was an ordeal?

I changed over to Bob Armstrong's canoe the fourth day out. We were going to catch up with some canoes that had gotten far ahead. Bill O'Brien wanted to hang back with the scientists. Armstrong was a little bothered because I weigh a lot more than he does, and also because he didn't want to turn over with his \$1,400 worth of camera equipment. But he kept up a cheerful attitude about it.

"I guess you know how to reach and pry," he said as we set out alone.

"What's that?"

"To reach, you reach out with the paddle and draw it toward the boat. If you reach to the right, it swings the front end to the right. To pry, you push out with the paddle, and the boat moves in the other direction. If you don't mind my asking, how did you manage to come 40 or 50 miles without knowing that?"

Up ahead was a noisy rapids. Armstrong stood in the rear of the canoe to study the flow. I thought you were never supposed to stand in a canoe. The good canoeists appear to do it whenever they want to. "Hit this one on the left and go like hell," Armstrong said. The canoe leaped ahead. Armstrong cried for me to pry on the left and I did. It was like a miracle. This boulder that I would probably have poked with the paddle or shoved desperately with my hands, this boulder flew past inches away with a satisfying hiss and gurgle. Then we were bouncing in haystack waves and spray. Then we paddled hard in an eddy before coasting in a current.

"See what I mean?" said Armstrong.

It had taken me several hours the first day to realize the person in the bow could help at all, steering in the rapids rather than merely providing locomotion. The person in the rear is the captain. He does most of the steering and, if the person in front does not stay alert and keep glancing back, the captain is liable to rest too much. But now this new knowledge

about reach and pry gave me power. So an hour later we cracked into a rock and turned sideways. The canoe filled with water. We jumped out and fought to keep the boat from going over. You figure a canoe full of water weighs about a ton. Put the force of the current against it, and you can see why it is nice to have several people around to help.

We wrestled the canoe to shore and began hauling. Armstrong hammered out the dent. I had learned one lesson I didn't know I had learned until that night. The lesson is, no matter how cold and early it is in the morning, don't be sloppy the way you pack a waterproof bag.

Some things have blurred in my mind, but I remember a few places very well. I remember castle rock formations, keyholes to the sky 1,500 feet above our heads, side canyons hardly wide enough for a man to walk into. I remember climbing to a cave where the ceiling was black with centuries of cooking smoke and the floor deep in stones and scraping tools. There was a Campbell's soup can near the entrance.

Most of the rapids are no longer distinct to me. I can't even recall at which rapids the notebook escaped from my pocket and tumbled into the current. We found it 200 yards downstream. At another rapids I knocked off my eyeglasses while changing hands with my paddle but reached back with my left hand and grabbed the glasses as they disappeared under water. All my life I have been dropping things with my right hand and catching them with my left before they hit the floor.

I remember Panther Rapids. We pulled over to the bank and climbed some rocks to examine it. Two college boys came along the river in a lone canoe. I heard one of them say, "Hey, could that be Dr. Spurr?" They looked the rapids over and then went into it. With a sound like a shot, the stern paddle cracked in half. But they made it through. Then we went. It was like a carnival ride. Haystacks broke across the bow.

Another bad rapids was called San Francisco. We glanced off a rock, tilted back and forth for an instant, straightened up and were back in calm water. Not much to it if you're lucky. I don't need a notebook to remember the portage. We lined the canoes through the rocks three times, I think, including Lower Madison Falls, where Dwight Deal turned over in an attempt to be the only

one to run that rapids, too. But we had only one portage. It was at Upper Madison Falls. Nobody tried to run Upper Madison. You had to take all the stuff out of the canoe, carry it up a sandy bank and across a pile of 20-foot-high boulders and lug it down another sandy bank. Then you had to do the same thing with the canoe. Don't let anybody tell you there is anything good about a portage.

People were always eating. Eggs and bacon for breakfast. Candy bars, nuts, raisins, coconut, energy foods for lunch and snacks all day. Big dinners at night. I paddled 90-odd miles and gained two pounds. The unique meal was the Fruits-of-the-Native-Country banquet. First a pit was dug and lined with rocks. A mesquite fire was built in the pit, and coals heated the rocks. The sotol plant and a plant called *lechuguilla*, which looks like a big artichoke, were covered with leaves and they were placed on the coals and the pit filled with sand. About 20 hours later the sotol and *lechuguilla* were dug up and eaten with a boiled pot of prickly pear, yucca petals, wild onions and wild oregano. The *lechuguilla* was sweet, the sotol filling and edible but not worth the trouble, the prickly pear bland. Also you could core a large onion almost to the bottom, put in a pat of butter, fill with Worcestershire sauce (borrow butter and sauce from Dr. Spurr), wrap in foil and roast in coals for an hour or so. It beats a lot of things.

Into the wind again. All day long. Hands have swollen and their backs split open. Neck and shoulders are riddled with needles. Keep head down, stare at water. Think about Oxford vs. Cambridge on the Thames. Terrible idea. Clang, bang, hit a rock, the hell with it. We run a rapids near a sandbar, and the wind blows sand into our faces. You can run a rapids and get a dirty face! Armstrong remarks that adventure and fun are not necessarily the same. For a mile ahead I can see whitecaps whipped up not from current but from wind. I discover something. Each stroke appears to move us three feet. That means 1,760 strokes will move us through these whitecaps. If the wind keeps up for the 30 miles left to go, that's only 52,800 strokes to home, boy. Let's hit it. That's two . . . three. . .

"If you start counting strokes, you'll go crazy," Armstrong says.

In all, the expedition examined more than 60 historic and prehistoric Indian

sites, that had never before been officially recorded. Archaeologist Curtis Tunnell says Indians occupied the canyons for at least 12,000 years. About the only litter they left was burnt rocks, pieces of flint, dried bones. At one place the floor of a cave is deep in buffalo bones. It is near a cliff off which the Indians used to stampede the beasts. When you sift through the floor of the cave, you find a 4,000-year gap between layers of buffalo bones. That means either the Indians forgot how to stampede buffaloes for a long time, or else the buffaloes went away for 4,000 years. It is less than 100 years now since the last great buffalo slaughters of the West. So maybe buffaloes will come back again sometime.

Of the 6,000 species of plants that grow in Texas, about 50 are found only along the river. Each time one of those species dies out, it disappears from the earth. The Rare Plants Center puts exotic plants of this sort in courthouse squares, garden club plots and state parks, as well as greenhouses. "Of course, the only rational way to preserve the plants is to preserve their habitats," says Marshall Johnston, director of the center. He took more than 200 plant samples on the river and in the canyons. To protect the canyons, the state could buy scenic easements along the river, or the Department of Interior could declare the river a wild scenic area. But something else that might happen is that a third Rio Grande dam may be built at Sanderson Canyon. If it is, everything we saw will be gone except the tops of the canyons.

On our last night on the river, after laboring into the wind all day, we camped on a knoll and waited for the wind to die after dark. But it kept on blowing. Caldwell and Spurr fired the last of their steaks and shared them. I found a spot where the wind was muffled by a canebrake and the rock wall. I settled into my bag, and then I heard a little scabbling noise in the cane. Borrowing a flashlight, I saw I was lying beside a tunnel about five feet high that had been trod through the cane. Wild pigs, maybe. Deer, coons, coyotes, no telling what all. I moved over two feet and went to sleep happy and incredibly comfortable.

I read the Sierra Club story about the ferocious rapids and the need for physical conditioning. Caldwell and I talked it over. We decided the rapids and the paddling had been strenuous but not

exhausting

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Big Bend

what you would call supremely difficult. "I guess we're finished with the bad rapids," Caldwell said.

"Only one really tough one left," said Armstrong.

"I don't see it on the map."

"That's why it's known as Horrible Surprise Rapids," Armstrong said.

For the final few miles, the wind lowered and we paddled lightly. Terns flew in formation above our heads. Thousands of swallows skimmed the river, dipped their beaks in the water, and collected mud from the bank to build nests against the cliffs. The land was spreading out on either side. And there it was ahead of us, the Texaco sign nailed to a tree that marked the take-out place, Dudley Harrison's camp.

Only one more rapids. We drifted into some rocks and got out to look. The current swung close against a rock outcrop. Spurr and Caldwell got into their canoe and went into the rapids. They clattered against the outcrop. Spurr's paddle hit his hands and looked glued to the wall for an instant. He grabbed it again, and they headed to shore. Armstrong and I had a choice of running the rapids or walking the canoe through a few feet of very shallow water. We walked.

We drove in Caldwell's truck for an hour across dusty brown land, scaring up a few sheep that took off toward the mountains. We stopped at a general store in the town of Dryden. The owner wore a baseball cap. "Wouldn't be surprised if you fellas got kind of cold on the river," he said. "Had a big freeze the last few days. Wiped everything out. Hell, it snowed over in Alpine."

We ate at the Big Bend Cafe in Marathon. Caldwell placed what he said is his usual order at a place that serves Tex-Mex food—six enchiladas and three tamales. They didn't have any tamales, but they brought the enchiladas stacked up on the plate like a mound of pancakes. I had three enchiladas, three tacos, tortillas, butter and a little bowl of jalapeño peppers. As we were leaving, the woman behind the counter asked if we were some kind of a scientific outfit. We said yes ma'am, we were about halfway scientific.

"Then you must of heard about it," she said. "Down the road south of here they just dug up a 40-foot-long monster skeleton with a big fang buried in its neck. You didn't hear about it? Well, go down there right now and look at it. Tell them Sally at Marathon sent you."

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A roundup of the week April 9-7

HOCKEY—NHL. After skating in the shadows of high-flying Philadelphia most of the year, Chicago did some scoring on its own. The Black Hawks blew by Boston 6-2 when Pat Maroon scored three within 15 seconds of the third period, then extended their unbeaten string to seven games against St. Louis, 6-3. When the Blues saw snow, with three goals in the

THE D. FRED WINDOBLOSS, 46, outfielder for the New York Giants between 1908 and 1915, best remembered for stuffing an easy fly ball that cost the Giants the 1912 World Series, in Astoria, Ore.

ROBERT WIGGS, a senior wrestler at Myers Park High School in Charlotte, N.C., completed a 23-0 season by capturing his second state championship, this year in the 120-pound class. Robert, who was 24-1 last year, scored 18 victories the season he runs.



DORIS COURN of Tonawanda, N.Y., 205-average bowler came within five pins of the national women's record for a three-game series, rolling 289, 286 and 276 for an 851 in Buffalo Evening News Traveling League tournament. In the series she had 27 strikes.

KIM SHAW, a junior at Rye (N.Y.) Country Day School, led his hockey team to a 15-0 record with 39 goals and 30 assists this season. Kim posted five four-goal games. He also is the top scorer for his N.Y. Metro League team with 46 goals in 41 games.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE FINALS

Sir

In regard to your article on the NCAA basketball championships (*Nothing Could Be Fierc*, April 1), it was extremely kind of Curry Kirkpatrick to mention that the Marquette Warriors were present in Greensboro, N.C. We are very sorry that our team defeated Kansas in the "B" class division, forcing 42 million people to suffer through a "sack joke" of a championship.

As for our expiring subscriptions to "Bill Walton Illustrated," big deal. See you next year in San Diego, Curry

BOB FINNE
BOB LEE
MICHAEL T. MEYERS
JAMES HEROLD
BARRY M. ORIENTE

Milwaukee

Sir:

I wish to congratulate Curry Kirkpatrick on his fine article on the NCAA tournament. He undoubtedly will be criticized for not devoting more space to the finals, but in fact the championship was decided the previous Saturday. I would also like to thank Bill Walton, David Thompson & Co for an outstanding season and one of the best-played championship games ever.

WILLIAM H. WHITE

Menden, Conn

Sir

North Carolina State certainly is to be congratulated for defeating UCLA and Marquette en route to the NCAA title. However, I feel the Wolfpack's victory points out a vital flaw in the college game—the absence of a 30-second clock. N.C. State, the most talented and surely the most explosive team in the tournament, twice resorted to stalling tactics, which predictably caused it to blow leads.

From a spectator's point of view, the stall is enjoyable only when it is employed by one's own outclassed team at home. The 30-second clock is needed. When David Thompson *et al.* were forced to play UCLA, the excitement of college basketball was unleashed.

JIM TURNER

New York City

RUGGED RUGGER

Sir,

I object to the cavalier treatment Dan Levin gives the game of rugby in his article on the Monierie (Calif.) National Rugby Tournament (*Blissful Go in Monterey*, April 1). When played well, within proper legal limits and by skilled, experienced players, rugby is not the brutal, ragged, chaotic and disorganized moshem Levin's description makes it

out to be. Rather, it is a disciplined yet spontaneous exercise of strength, speed, agility and endurance, played under a tight and complex set of laws and an even tighter unwritten code of ethics.

To emphasize the brutal or chaotic aspects of rugby as it is played in the U.S. is to give your wide readership an entirely erroneous impression of what the sport, when played on a high standard, is all about, and this kind of unfavorable publicity, in turn, tends to hinder the development of the sport in America. Indeed, rugby as most Americans play it is not really rugby at all but rather some kind of game about halfway between rugby and football, and as such it would not be tolerated by a proficient non-American rugby referee conscientiously enforcing the laws of the game.

There is a vast educational effort under way in U.S. rugby circles, the thrust of which is to attempt to teach players and referees real rugby and to unteach them American football. Only when our best footballers have made a complete conversion can we hope to put together a side capable of a creditable performance against a national all-star team from a rugby-playing country. The task is difficult enough without Dan Levin providing an additional obstacle by tacitly legitimizing the insufferable crudeness of the American version of the game.

ROBERT S. SEGELBAUM

New York Rugby Football Club
New York City

Sir

You emphasized size and weight a lot. Agreed, size and weight have much to do with the game, but smaller people can also play rugby; some of the best rugby players are not human battering rams. Jeff Sevy's comment that rugby is "a great social sport" is quite true, and I hope that it always will be so, since this is what gives rugby the spice and conviviality that are missing from so many other sports.

You also commented on the American football style of tackling. I believe that many, if not all, rugby players will agree that tackling a player American football style is not the healthiest thing to do, but tackling the rugby way enables one to stay fit and as unbroken as possible.

ELLIOT L. SHOKES

Hilldale, Mich

NO SMOKE, NO FIRE

Sir

I must comment on the picture of Butch Unser making a pit stop at the Ontario Speedway during the California 500 (*Pit Stop Over, Pull into the Pit and Pour*, March 25). In your most recent articles on USAC rac-

ing you have stressed improved safety techniques for the cars and drivers and reported rule changes made by USAC in hopes of cutting down on accidents. If there is all this concern about safety, then why is the official sitting nearest the fuel tank (on the left in the picture) smoking a cigar? This appears to me to be a potentially hazardous situation. I hope that officials will be more careful at future races.

JOHN SWAN

Masonville, Ohio

• Look again. The "official" in question is Dan Gurney, Unser's team manager, and what appears to be a cigar is a microphone through which Dan is communicating with his winning driver. —ED

SPORTSCASTER

Sir

Frank Deford's April 1 article *Oh's You, Frank Deford* made me pause in the middle of my favorite food, buttered baked potato. I didn't find the piece especially profound, more like a two-way mirror reflecting my own abortive career as a sports reporter 10 years ago at KDKA-TV in Pittsburgh. My boss was a natty dresser, perpetually smiling fellow named Al Primo.

One day after I took Maury Wills to lunch, Primo nailed me in front of the entire TV and radio news staff. "Don't you ever show up in Stouffer's wearing a pink shirt again. I don't care who you take to lunch," he said.

It's good to hear that Al is succeeding in the role of *Catch-22's* Colonel Cathcart. I was making \$50 a week at KDKA. After refusing to give up my pink shirts, I borrowed \$1,500 from various banks on the station's good name and returned to Mexico later that year. But I never was released there. I always suspected Primo would pop out from behind a curtain and cry, "Ald, we don't allow sandals in this desert."

WILLIAM JONES

Professor of Entomology
Cape Cod Community College
Hyannis, Mass.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article concerning his ventures into television broadcasting recently brought the facts to light. As one who lives in the New York City area, I think it is about time Al Primo and all the other "Yankees" started looking for some sportscasters who know what they are talking about. Who cares what they wear or how their hair is styled? Why not get some men who understand sports and can tell the difference between a basketball and a hockey puck. Judging from this article, Mr. Deford would be a good man

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

to start with. Whether he really is funny-looking or not.

MICHAEL KAPLAN

Tenafly, N.J.

Sir:

Aren't the "Yumpies" depicted in Frank Deford's article the same guys the late Fred Allen described when he said they come to work in the morning, find a meal on their desk, then attempt to make a mountain out of it by five o'clock?

ROBERT B. MARTIN

Enc, Pa.

RUTHIAN PROPORTIONS

Sir:

Your interesting series on Babe Ruth (*And Along Came Ruth*, March 18 *et seq.*) has reminded all of us of what I feel is baseball's most underrated record. Ruth slugged .847 in 1920 and .846 in 1921 but his many bounces on balls cut down his other totals.

Try to imagine one of the current crop of sluggers getting 240 hits in 600 at bats for a .400 batting average. Now pretend he hits 50 doubles, 10 triples and breaks the home-run record with 65.

He would be called the greatest ever, yet his slugging average would be .842 and Ruth would still have had two better seasons.

MIKE HUDSON

San Francisco

■ Ruth would still have had two higher slugging averages, but even the staunchest defender of the Babe would have to concede that a man who hit .400, had 125 extra-base hits and 505 total bases had a better season.—ED.

Sir:

Here is some more Babe memorabilia. The year was 1930. Following an exhibition game in Bradenton, Fla., the Babe took off for St. Petersburg in his big touring car, top down, white cap and all, full speed ahead. He passed through Palmetto (pop. 2,800) at a rather rapid clip, for those days anyway. Our policeman finally caught up with him five miles north of town.

"You were going pretty fast through that town back there," he told the Babe.

Babe then gave the answer that has become famous here in Palmetto, "I didn't see no town."

Even the Chamber of Commerce laughed.
 DON FUGIA

Palmetto, Fla.

PILING UP

Sir:

I take exception to your article on the Alaska pipeline (*Power and Light on a Lonely Land*, March 25). I feel that you have unfairly portrayed environmentalists as the "bad guys" who are insistent on preventing

continued

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flavor. In either light or dark wrapper, it all
adds up to one beautiful smoking experience.



Antonio Y Cleopatra.

10TH HOLE *Continued*

the drilling of Alaskan oil at any cost—even the destruction of the American economy and way of life. In doing this, you have vaguely distorted a few facts, which I would like to correct.

The environmental movement does not want the Alaskan oil project given up totally. Rather, we would like all the viable alternatives considered. An example of this is the construction of a pipeline from Prudhoe Bay through Canada to the Midwest. This idea has several advantages to it. The Canadian government is already considering a gas pipeline along that path, therefore only one ecosystem would be affected by two pipelines. Also, the pipeline would not be traveling over the most volatile earthquake zone in the Western Hemisphere. Lastly, it would reduce the cost of the oil products for all of the U.S. population living east of the Rockies. (The West Coast may not be able to use the total production of Alaskan oil.) Obviously, there is a disadvantage to this suggestion: the time element. But the Alaskan oil will not have any effect on today's energy crisis, since it will not be shipped in large quantities until the 1980s, so I think a year or two delay might be thinkable considering the other points I have mentioned.

You also mentioned in your article that we (the consumers) will eventually have to pay for the public relations area and environmental specialists hired by the companies to counteract the propaganda of the so-called humane fringe. I have already paid 63.9¢ a gallon for gas, so the prospect of absurd prices no longer terrifies me. Also, when you used the expression "consortium" very freely in your article (my dictionary defines consortium as a "coalition of banks or corporations in a business venture"), I feel that we are going to pay high prices to this oil coalition (cartel, monopoly) whether we want to or not.

My last point is a simple one: Environmentalists are sick and tired of saying "I told you so." Dirty air, dirty water, noise pollution, the energy shortage were all predicted long before they occurred. Economic interests overruled the "lunatic fringe" each time. Isn't it time we paid just a little bit of attention?

BRUCE R. ADLER

Washington, D.C.

Sir,

While it is undoubtedly true that "we do not know and have never known what man should be," it is also an irrefutable fact that man cannot live by bread alone. When the comparatively insignificant oil-energy crisis gives way to the far more critical water crisis, humankind will then discover what it should have been but never was.

DAVE TAYLOR

Boulder, Colo.

enr/mmd

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10TH HOLE

LITTLE LEAGUE LASSER

Sir

In regard to "Boy, Meet Girl" (Sports Illustrated, March 25), we happen to be two of the many girls who want to play in boys' Little League Baseball. There is now a girls' Little League being started in our town, but it is softball, and most girls can't stand using a softball. For one thing, you can't get a good grip on it, as you can a baseball, and it won't fit into a glove. It really doesn't matter if "we get somebody hurt" or not, because boys can get hurt just as bad, and in some cases even worse. And getting hurt is something you have to accept in baseball, it's all part of the game.

Most of the guys don't care if we play baseball with them or not. We can do things just as well as they can, so we deserve to play ball with them.

ROBIN SUTMAN
BRISTOL, ILLINOIS

Farwell, Mich.

Sir

I am an avid sports fan and always have been, but I am disturbed by the apathy of the sports world toward the litigious element of the Women's Lib movement. It is attempting to destroy the Little League organization and I feel your magazine should back the Little League to the hilt. I have small children of both sexes and I believe most sports should be kept separate because most girls will not be able to compete, and because the young boys who are inferior to some girls will be harmed psychologically for the rest of their lives. I also feel that including girls on the boys' teams will weaken the performances of the boys. The Little League is being realistic in setting up a separate softball program for girls.

LARRY L. WELLS

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Sir

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is to be commended for its rational position statement on the New Jersey Little League controversy. It is all too obvious that girls and women have been denied equal opportunity in all levels of athletic activity in this country and that the time has come to correct past inequities. I quite agree that the attitude of those who would rather not let anyone play ball than allow little girls to play with the boys is parallel to that of those Southerners 15 years ago who preferred to shut down facilities entirely rather than permit integration.

PHYLLIS ZATLIN BORING, Ph.D.
Women's Equity Action League
Old Bridge, N.J.

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